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32
I N E Z,

A

T R A G E D Y.

— SUBLATA VIRUM MANIBUS, tremebundaque ad aras
Deducta est, non ut, solenni more sacrorum
Perfecto, posset claro comitari Hymenæo;
Sed casta incestè, nubendi tempore in ipso,
Hostia concideret mactatu mœsta PARENTIS.

LUCRE.

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta, &c.

HOR. AD PIPO.

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AND E. AND T. WILLIAMS, STRAND.

1796.



AN
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In

The PERSONS of the DRAMA.

ALPHONSO IV.....King of Portugal.

PEDRO....Prince of Portugal.

ALVARO.....
COELLO
GONSALEZ... } Ministers and Friends of the King....
 } Enemies to Pedro and Inez.

ALMADA....An exiled Noble of Castile; Father of
Inez....Unknown.

The QUEEN....Mother of Pedro.

INEZ DE CASTRO....The reputed Mistress of Pedro—
but privately married to him.

LEONORA.....A Lady of large fortune, and of the
blood royal of Portugal, once loved by Pedro.

THERESA....Her Friend.

SCENE

*In the first and third Acts at Leonora's house in Coimbra:
—in the second, fourth, and fifth at the Castle of Mon-
dego, distant about four miles from Coimbra.*

TIME....*Twelve Hours.*

ERRATA.

P. 13. l. 22. Assign the words "was refused" to the next speaker,
ALVARO.

P. 23. after l. 1. insert

Who with a weighty sceptre sways Castile.

P. 66. l. 10. *for* unheeded *read* unneeded.

P. 67. l. 2. *for* noble's *read* nobles'.

P. 61. l. 10 *for* "Thou has" *read* "Thou hast"

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM WINDHAM,

SECRETARY AT WAR, &c. &c.

IN MEMORIAL

OF A FRIENDSHIP, WHICH, OPENING

IN

EARLY YOUTH,

HAS SUBSISTED, WITH ENCREASING GROWTH,

TO

ADVANCED MANHOOD:

AND

FROM RESPECT TO THE RARE AND BRIGHT UNION

IN THE SAME CHARACTER

OF *INTEGRITY, TALENTS, AND ERUDITION,*

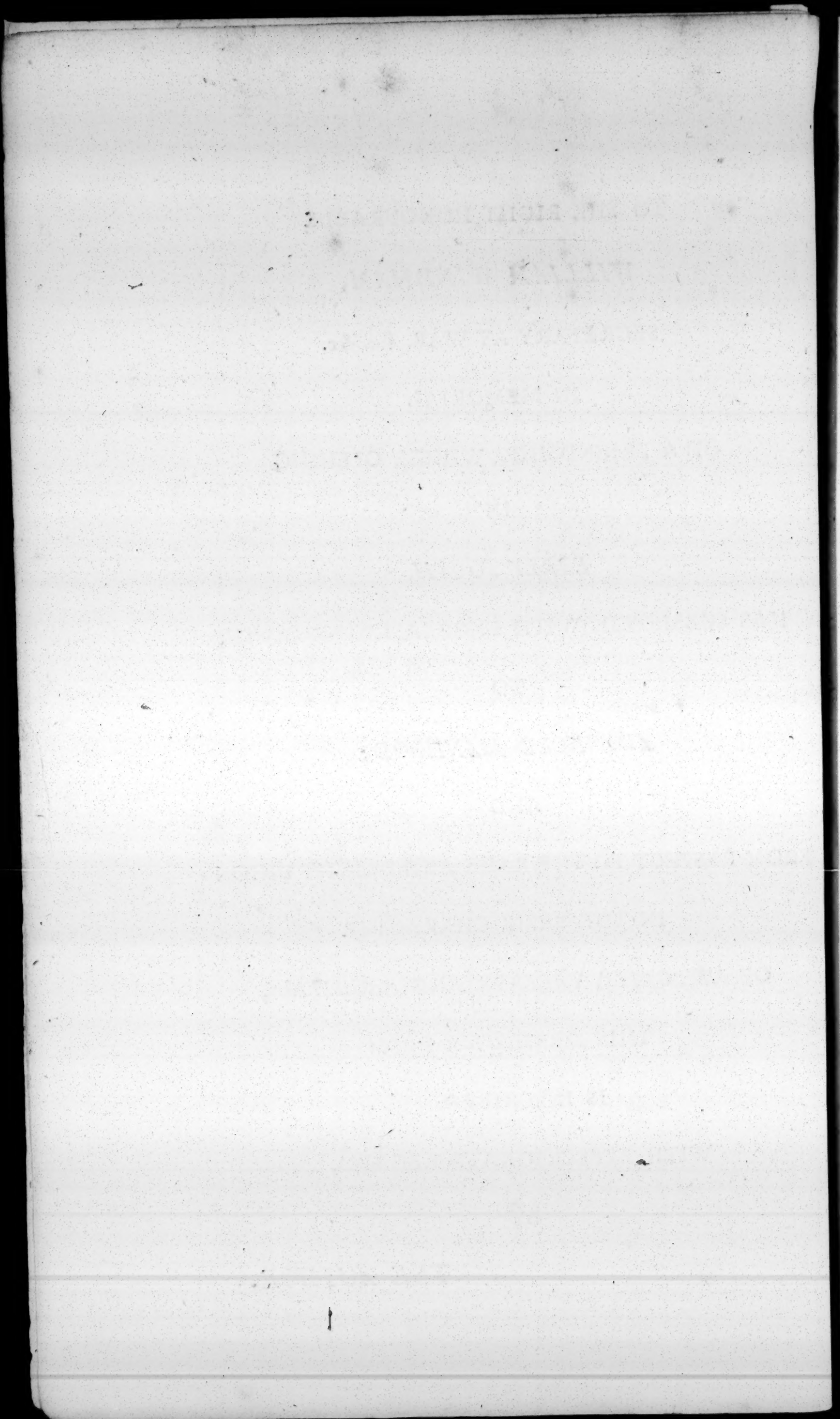
THIS *DRAMATICK POEM*

IS INSCRIBED,

WITH AFFECTIONATE REGARD,

BY

THE AUTHOR.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Dramatick Poem, which is now presented to the Publick, was written in the close of the year 1792, during the intervals of the Author's professional studies, and for the amusemēt only of a few of his most intimate friends. Though favoured with the applause of those, to whom it was shewn, and possessed perhaps, as a first excursion into the walk of the Drama, of some share of the Author's partial regard, it has not been offered for representation, and consequently has not incurred the hazard of rejection by a Manager in the first instance, or by an Audience in the second.

The fable is founded on a melancholy event recorded in the annals of Portugal; and the characters of ALPHONSO, of PEDRO, and of INEZ, are transcribed with sufficient accuracy from the page of the Historian. For the other characters, and for the subordinate parts of the Drama, as for his own creatures, the Author must alone be responsible.

The unhappy fate of the beautiful and innocent INEZ DE CASTRO has been adorned by the poetry of CAMOENS: and has made its interesting appeal to the sympathy of the world from the Spanish, the French, and the English theatre. With those, however, who have anticipated his subject on the stage, the Author has not maintained even what the Reader might consider to be

a proper correspondence. Of the tragedies of which his fair Castilian has already been made the heroine, the Author has read, and that at a period subsequent to the completion of his own piece, only the *ELVIRA* of Mr. MALLET. On comparing, therefore, any of the compositions in question with that which is now submitted to him, the Reader, it is presumed, will readily absolve the Author from the suspicion of having contracted obligations to the dramattick pre-occupants of his story.

For the Author to enter on any particular discussion of his work would be at once presumptuous and idle:—presumptuous, as an attempt to controll the judgment and decision of that supreme tribunal before which he stands;—and idle, as to exhibit or defend merit is superfluous, —to palliate or recommend deficiency,—unavailing. With a mind neither below nor above its influences, the Author admits in the love of fame only a secondary principle of action; and there is an approbation,—that he means of his own bosom, which he solicits in preference even to the plaudit of the world. Confident then that on this, and on every occasion, his pen will be found subservient to the great interests of man, as a moral creature, he waits, with a less degree of trembling solicitude, for the sentence which may be passed on him in his present accidental character of *DRAMATIST* and *POET*.

May 24, 1796.

I N E Z,
A T R A G E D Y.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter LEONORA and THERESA.

LEONORA.

WELL, my Theresa! whom my soul holds
dear
Beyond the vulgar friend;—to whom she opens,
As to her God, her last retreat of frailty!
Oh! give your story to my longing ear!
Saw you the Prince?

THERESA.

I saw him, Leonora!
The first warm blushes of the morn had rous'd
him.
He seem'd accoutred for the chace. His eyes
Sparkled with lively spirit, and his steed,
Scarce by the groom restrain'd, with eager
neighings
Challeng'd the promis'd field.

B

LEONORA.

Forbear, Theresa!
To play with my impatience!—was the letter
Kindly accepted? was an answer given
Such as my heart requires?

THERESA.

When I approach'd,
The Prince, who seem'd engaged in earnest converse
With a Castilian stranger, came to meet me,
Receiv'd your letter, and with courteous accents
Inquir'd for Leonora.

LEONORA.

Did he so?
From Pedro's lips fell Leonora's name
In tones of softness?—Surely then he comes!
My sweet deserter will be true again;
And love and pleasure, exil'd many a day,
Revisit these glad walls!

THERESA.

Long may such inmates
Diffuse their brightness o'er my friend's apartments!
But much I fear that all your hopes of Pedro
Are idly cherish'd.

LEONORA.

Say you?—

THERESA.

—Nay, attend.
At first with calmness he perus'd your letter.
But soon my eyes, suspended on his countenance,

Observ'd the working of a storm within.
His features kindled, and his haste let fall—
I know not what—of insolence and—Inez.

LEONORA.

Of insolence!—it could not be, Theresa!
Your ears deceiv'd you.—Would my Pedro's
tongue,
A stranger still to harshness, thus resent
A few light words that touch'd his pale-fac'd
Miss,
The play-thing of the day?—It could not be!
Doubtless you err—correct yourself, and say—
It was not so.

THERESA.

Would that I could! but surely
No common tempest shook the Prince's soul:
Though, jealous of our eyes, he quickly smooth'd
His outward perturbation. The Castilian
Mark'd the rais'd passion, and was struck: he
started
As Pedro's rashness wildly utter'd Inez!

LEONORA.

Well might he start!—it is a fearful name!
A name that cheats the mistress of her lover!
A name that robs the father of his son!
A name that dims the splendour of the court!
A name that tears her Prince from Portugal,
And throws him to Castile: ill fortune blot it!
Plagues cancel it!—But did not Pedro's reason
Recall his temper, and instruct his speech
A kinder tone?

Theresa.

He coldly took his leave ;
And, turning, bade me counsel you to urge
No more a vain unmaidenly pursuit :
To check your fancies, as you studied character,
Sought peace, and shunn'd the pain of disappoint-
ment.

Leonora.

He's wise and gracious ! would he had reserv'd
His counsels for his Inez !—She might want
them !

What !—and can this be all ? there was a time
When Leonora had the power to draw
A kinder answer from her Pedro's lips.
But let it pass ; distraction's in the thought
Of what has been !—the present hour exacts
Another feeling, and a stronger spirit :
Not wailing—but revenge. Leave me, Theresa !
'Tis not in friendship to assuage my pain.
And to behold the tossing of my soul,
In this tempestuous moment, would affect
Too rudely your soft nature. Oh retire !

Theresa.

I go, my Leonora, though reluctant.
May the kind Heavens, with softest influence,
Drop healing on your mind ! [Ex. THER.

Leonora.

O never, friend !
The wound, inflicted by love, shame and scorn,
Rankles too deep within my breast for healing !
To be abandon'd by the man I love,
On whom my lavish passion squander'd all—

My heart—my person—surely were enough!
But to be worse than left—to be despis'd!
I whose proud lineage reaches to the throne
Contemptuously cast off!--and for a stranger!
A wand'ring fair!—sprung from we know not
whom—

A vagrant of Castile! whose snowy skin,
And soft hypocrisy form all her claim
To modesty and beauty!—'tis too much!—
But heard I not,—or was it but a dream,
When my fond soul was absent with Theresa;
That with the break of dawn the king arriv'd?
Should it be so, some earnest business brings him;
Perhaps to Pedro:—for 'tis said the monarch
With doubtful patience brooks the Prince's
dotage:

And on the hardness of Alphonso's nature,
Impregnable alike to love or pity,
This wond'rous woman, this all-conquering Inez,
May vainly spend the quiver of her charms!
Oh! here is comfort yet!—this bar remov'd,
Pedro and I once more may meet—my Pedro—.

Enter ALVARO.

Ha! who art thou that steal'st on my retire-
ment,
Thief-like, to catch the words incaution drops,
Or passion scatters? Shame on my domesticks
Who thus expose their mistress to intrusion!

ALVARO.

My visits, Madam! once I fondly thought
Obtain'd a gentler name. When last we met,
Smiling you own'd Alvaro's services
Were worthy of your love.

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LEONORA.

'Twas but the yielding
Of weakness to your persecuting suit.
Love thee! impossible! my nature never
Can yield admission to so low a passion.
Pity I may afford thee;—though to break
Thus rudely on my presence, and upbraid me
With th' indiscretion of a random moment,
Might make me scorn and hate—not pity thee.

ALVARO.

Thanks for such goodness to your slave!—but,
Madam,
Patience itself must yield to endless wrongs.
I know for whom you treat me thus;—on whom
Your love exhausts its treasures, while to me
It deals its fitful and penurious alms.

LEONORA.

Fond cozen'd man! to deem my scorn of thee
Attachment to another!—were thy kind
All perish'd to thyself, thy proffer'd love
Would I reject as now.

ALVARO.

If Pedro, Madam!—

LEONORA.

If Pedro!—What of Pedro, Sir?—

ALVARO.

Your cheek
With crimson consciousness prevents my tongue.--
Your choice is prudent: shaded by a crown
Even Pedro's charms may strike with more effect.

LEONORA.

Distraction!—Must I be insulted thus,
And bear it tamely?—Which of all my acts
Has given the stand'ring license you assume?

ALVARO.

Madam! your choice is justified alike
By love and by ambition;—but, alas!
The Prince, not govern'd by as true a judgment,
Turns from the proffer'd treaty, and surrenders
To the fair stranger of Castile's dominion.

LEONORA.

Whence this to me of Pedro and his strumpet?
They are not near my thoughts!—but surely he,
Whose vulgar fancy could decline from me
To that white bawble, would excite my scorn
And not my passion.

ALVARO.

Strange, indeed, it is,
That eyes, which once have glanc'd at Leonora,
Should dwell on Inez!—Yet must Envy's self
Allow her beautiful. Her form and features
Fashion'd by Nature's happiest hand, attract
With grace and sweet intelligence.

LEONORA.

Enough!

The lying praise offends my ear!

ALVARO.

Besides,
Her temper's even surface may have charms
For eyes that like not Nature's fine variety

Of calm and tempest. The weak Prince,
 perhaps,
 Tired of the rougher element's caprice,
 Enjoys the placid haven's safe repose.

LEONORA.

Thou art a villain!—With a lover's mask
 Thou gain'st admission to insult and wound
 A weak defenceless woman; whose sole crime
 Was patience of thy vows.—Thou never lov'dst
 me!

ALVARO.

Never loved thee!—Yes, witness Heaven how
 truly!
 Witness the blushing hours, which saw me steal
 From courts, and rob ambition of her joys,
 Humbly to pour my passion at your feet:—
 To kneel and to be spurn'd!—Your flights at
 length
 Have driven me from you, and restor'd my
 freedom!
 Here I assert it; and henceforth abjure
 All fond attendance on a thankless woman,
 To fill my station near Alphonso's throne,
 His minister and friend. Your late reflection
 May shew the value of the man you've lost.—
 May shew—Alvaro had perhaps the power
 To give your bosom's inmost wish effect,
 And rid you of your rival.—But farewell!
 The King expects me, and I haste to meet him!

LEONORA.

Alvaro stay!—If thou didst ever love me
 Thou wouldst not leave me thus for a weak sally

Of the rash temper which my parents gave me.
Stay my Alvaro!

ALVARO.

What!—to be your scorn?
To wound you with the sight of him, whose love
Were he the sole survivor of his sex,
Would still be your contempt? No;—to the
Prince

I yield the prize my faithful suit might claim.
Go to Mondego!—Kneel to the Castilian—
Sue to be of her train!—in conscious power
That fears no rival, she will grant the boon.
There you may see your Pedro:—there attend
A satellite of that star, whose single splendour
Usurps the heavens entire and dims you all!
That fair whom I—but wherefore think of that?
Me she has never wrong'd: her power with
Pedro

Touches in me no nerve that jars and pains.
Her sex and charms plead strong for my regard:
And to atchieve her fall would only serve
A woman who contemns me!

LEONORA.

No, Alvaro!
Though my quick blood, resentful of your
wrongs,
Burns into blushes, which the indiff'rent names
Of Pedro and his fair could never kindle;
Yet I forgive the injuriousness of passion.
But deem me not insensible to favours;
Thankless of benefits.—Though vers'd in courts,
As yet unlearned in the heart of woman,
Thou can'st not construe its mysterious language.

Not as we love or hate, we smile or frown:—
 But, in obedience to the reigning humour,
 As pride or art may prompt.—Then stay and
 listen,
 Whilst I assert the candour of my bosom:
 Tell you your faithful love is there recorded:
 And not a service your affection yields me
 Shall fail of its reward.

ALVARO.

Would I could think it!

LEONORA.

Be certain of my truth.

ALVARO.

Then the proud she,
 Who chains all eyes, and fills all mouths with
 praise,
 Each man's attraction, and each woman's envy,
 Shall fade before you.—But, the service done,
 Say shall my Leonora's hand be mine?

LEONORA.

The woman of Castile is not my rival,
 She claims my pity rather than my hate;
 And ——

ALVARO.

Nay then, let her fortune triumph still;
 I'll not assail it.

LEONORA.

Why so warm, Alvaro?
 Surely I ought to pity, not to hate her.
 Yet as she is my country's foe,—is leagued

With alien plunderers,—and keeps the Prince
From his high duties, I must with her fall:
And would do much to compass it.

ALVARO.

Then promise
Yourself—the rich requital of the deed.

LEONORA.

He who effects it is his country's friend;
And he must still be mine. Were he Alvaro,
My hand, perhaps, might form his recompence.
Let this suffice. I leave you now.—You know
me. *[Exit LEONORA.]*

ALVARO.

Ay well! a vain, imperious, artful woman!
Who think't to shape me to thy purposes,
To use,—then throw me by. I'll try, however,
To mine below thy cunning, and atchieve thee,
But then thy heart is Pedro's, and, if fame
Lie not,—thy person also!—What of that?
My love is not the doating sage's dream;
The theme of youthful bards! and thy full
fortunes,
Rich as they are with Lisbon's royal blood,
Would swell mine proudly o'er their native bank;
And lift them even to the height of empire.
Now for the price at which thou must be bought,
The fall of Inez:—'tis already fix'd,
And in despite to Pedro: for the love
Of Leonora marks him for my hate.
His boasted virtues too degrade and wound me:
And the warm praise, shower'd on him by the
world,

Falls like a blasting mildew on my ear.
But he shall feel my power. Coello comes!
Whose hate to Pedro is as warm as mine.
I'll blow it into flame.

Enter COELLO.

The King, Alvaro!
Requires your presence; and hath sent me hither,
Where love and you, he knew, were to be found,
To say he waits you.

ALVARO.

I attend his pleasure.
The theme of Leonora and myself
Just ere you came, Coello! was your mistress,
The beauteous Inez.

COELLO.

Could not Leonora
Supply a worthier subject for your theme,
Than her, whose name you speak but to distress
me?

ALVARO.

Why throw th' unkind suspicion on your
friend?
Or why the name of Inez thus distress you?
You loved it once: and the sweet owner's
charms,
Brilliant as those with which the Almighty deck'd
The first fair wonder of creating power,
Would vindicate a saint's or sage's dotage.
If she refused your love——

COELLO.

Death! that she could!

That any woman should possess the power,
Curse on my fond concession! to reject me!
There's pain and degradation in the thought.

ALVARO.

You feel too sharply what we all may suffer
From woman's light caprice! Imperious love
Subjects us to the fair, who spurn or raise us,
Not as our merits, but their fancies urge.
'Tis strange indeed when poverty rejects
Wealth's offer'd hand, replete with human blessings;
And, obstinately dull, prefers the coldness,
And all the pale discomforts of her lot,
To the warm splendour, and the pride of life.

COELLO.

'Tis wond'rous strange, my friend, and my heart
beats
That e'er my weakness should expose my fortunes
To the rejection of a poor Castilian,
Of peasant birth perhaps,—tho' her soft feature
And rare endowments well might spare the doubt.
Yet was she poor, and, as thou know'st, Alvaro!
She, with her aged mother, ill removed
From the rude insults of affailing want,
Lived not,—but breathed in deep obscurity;
Till I observed her—loved—and was refused!

ALVARO.

Her devious conduct mocks the attempt to
trace it
To its hid source. Strong doubtless the aversion
Which could o'ercome those natives of our
bosoms,

The love of riches, place, and luxury.
 Yet whence the aversion? Age and forms like
 your's
 Raise not aversion in the female heart.
 Was there no rival, then, that fought her love,
 Whose power to gratify her pride and pleasure,
 Was great as your's?

COELLO.

Perhaps—but wherefore thus
 Force me to tread the path which leads to mad-
 ness?
 Rival?—yes, yes, there was!--for then began
 That fatal intercourse, whence Portugal
 Justly laments her alienated Prince.
 Led by my love, and reckless of my merits,
 He came, and saw---and seiz'd my yielding prize.
 For which, if I forgive him,---may the Heavens
 Pour down their hottest vengeance on my head!

ALVARO.

Forbear, my friend, this ineffectual passion,
 Though wrongs like your's are strong to move
 the blood,
 And urge the tongue to rashness. To be scorn'd
 By a poor low-born wench, and see her torn
 From your just love by a proud lawless grasp!
 ---Why, friend! it moves me strangely but to
 think on't!
 But why expose your honour in a treaty
 With such a nymph as Inez? lighter offers
 Perhaps had found success. 'Tis often seen,
 The pride, our blind affection taught to mount,
 O'erlooks and leaves us. Had you woo'd the fair
 With the gay wantonness of youthful love,
 Haply she had been your's.

COELLO.

By Heavens! Alvaro!
She seem'd like chastity herself, indued
With human form! her lucid cheek alone
Was warm and tender: in her heart appear'd
Majestic virtue on her throne of ice!
And when I would assuage her with loose passion,
Something within her, like Divinity,
Aw'd my rash purpose, and congeal'd the sounds
Half form'd and trembling on my tongue.

ALVARO.

'Tis strange
The Prince acknowledg'd not the imperious
power
Of this residing Deity in Inez!
His love knew no vain fears; and she would
rather——

COELLO.

Be Pedro's mistress than Coello's consort!
This would you say?—Damnation, that 'tis true!
Ruin o'ertake the trumpet and her lover!
You counsel temper, who have felt no wrongs!
Your blood, Alvaro, soon would lose its coolness,
Were my deep wounds your own.

ALVARO.

They are, Coello!
And you shall find me, heart and head and hand,
Your engine to resent them:—but these fallies
Of the wild blood promote not wisdom's ends.
She moves with order, secrecy, and vigour
To her design; and, frugal of her strength,
Aims no uncertain blows. Then hear, Coello!

COELLO.

I'm all attention, speak!

ALVARO.

Hear then, and learn
That the revenge you seek, may not be distant!

COELLO.

Oh that it were not!

ALVARO.

Cease to interrupt me.
The King, resentful of the Prince's absence
From council and the court, even now, in secret
Revolves some plan of wrath.—As yet he's silent:
But soon,—you know Alphonso's deep, dark
soul,
His fury, scornful of its long confinement,
Will burst its chains, and rush upon its object.
This visit, if I deem aright, to Coimbra
Teems with events of moment. Old Gonfalez,
With all his country's rancour to Castile,
And mad to see the Prince protect her exiles,
Still goads the monarch's angry purposes,
And drags them into act.

COELLO.

This is most certain.
For the old courtier's hate to proud Castile
And to her foster'd exiles, mocks disguise,
Points still his tongue, and tinges it with venom.
The King remarks it, and it seems to please him.

ALVARO.

Tis true it does. Our part is easy then:

To join Gonfalez in his patriot malice,
 Be loud and instant in our country's cause;
 Wait on the monarch's weakness, rouse his
 jealousies,
 Alarm his pride, condense the storm of passion,
 And pour it full on Pedro and his mistress.
 Then, fall howe'er it may, it works our good.
 Only, with careful heed, observe yourself:
 Let no eruption of your fiery nature
 Disclose the latent mine!—in public feeling
 Lose all the private!—be Coello's wrongs
 O'erwhelm'd in Portugal's!

COELLO.

I'm school'd and tame!

ALVARO.

Be confident the man, that wounds my friend,
 Must be my foe;—that Pedro has my hate.
 But I should blush to bear so weak a spirit,
 As not to greet him with the looks of kindness
 When most his presence pain'd me! from a friend
 The blow which reaches to a Prince must come.
 Remember this! be close! be cool!

COELLO.

 I will;
 And force my swelling bosom to subside
 At wisdom's soft command. But see the King,
 Impatient of our ling'ring, comes to meet us!
 Gonfalez with him!

Enter ALPHONSO and GONSALEZ.

ALVARO.

This great goodness, Sire!
 Augments the weight of favours which already

C

Oppresses your poor servant:—On my knee
Thanks, gracious sovereign!

ALPHONSO.

Alvaro, rise!

I know, and pardon the slow foot of love
Dragging with fond reluctance from the threshold
Of his fair mistress. But my wonder's great
That this same puling sickness of the mind,
Proper to girls, should thus relax and narrow
The amplitude and vigor of your bosom!
For shame recall the man! think what you are;—
Your character and station! That Alvaro
Should be a woman's slave your country's voice
And our's forbids!

ALVARO.

Your Majesty is pleas'd
Justly to chide the follies of your servant.
But I would hope my Liege can never deem
Alvaro's spirit of such flimsy matter,
As to be shatter'd by the hand of love!
No, gracious Liege, its texture is entire:
And naught is twisted with its forming threads,
But public care and duty to my king.

ALPHONSO.

There spoke our friend Alvaro! Would'st
thou see
The strange transforming power of childish
passion,
Go, look on Pedro! try to trace in him
The soldier or the statesman!—you'll find
nothing
But a poor strumpet's minion!—Oh! 'tis pitiful
To see the stately temple of his mind,

Built for imperial fortune, quite o'erthrown;
And on its site a paltry pagod rear'd
To the base monkey-deity of love.

GONSALEZ.

Your Majesty's strong virtue, which resents
The soft corruption of enfeebling passion,
Haply may blot the fault, you mark, too deeply.
A little dalliance in life's fervid noon,
Our age may well forgive. The Prince is noble:
And, though the lure of pleasure may awhile
Tempt him from duty, yet his generous nature
Will rally soon, and re-assert her rights.
True, I lament that easiness which yields him
To the deception of a worthless woman,
His country's foe.

ALPHONSO.

Ay, that's the wound which pains me!
Pedro might toy away an idle hour
Unblamed, unquestion'd: 'tis the privilege
Of his luxuriant years. I too have felt
The mutiny of blood, and own'd the law,
Indignant of its base controul, which forces
Man to continue his degenerate kind.
But still my mind was free. Even from my bosom,
Urged by my country's good, or honour's call,
I could have thrown the wanton of my bed,
And pierced her panting breast. But Pedro,—

Pedro---

The stain of his descent! the blush of manhood!
Lulls his high honours in a harlot's lap,
And, for the bribe of a lascivious kiss,
Betrays his country, sovereign, and himself.
For him this hasten'd journey.—Yes! 'tis Pedro,
Who thus defrauds my night of its repose,

And tears my aged temples from my pillow.
 Fain would I save him with persuasion's mildness:
 Or, if entire his overthrow of mind,
 With power and just exertion reinstate him.
 You are our friends; and, though the Prince,
 our son
 And heir of Portugal, demand your love,
 Yet do we lean on you with full reliance;
 Assured, that naught can warp your rectitude,
 When your support is ask'd for us and Portugal.

GONSALEZ.

Our Sovereign's confidence affirms us to him
 With knots of tenfold strength.—If for myself
 I speak,—grown hoary in my Prince's service,
 His will's my conduct; and my single object
 His and his people's good.

COELLO.

And so speak I.
 And were the Prince the brother of my blood,
 Thron'd in the very centre of my heart,
 Thence would I tear him, if my Liege required.

ALONZO.

Your loyalty commands your sovereign's
 thanks.
 But wherefore stands Alvaro silent thus?
 You love the Prince I know: and 'tis my love
 Alone that can inflict the wound which saves him.
 But say it were not so.—Surely the King
 Who raised your house to it's now envied height,
 Who call'd you to his counsels and his bosom,
 Demands the service of your first affection.

ALVARO.

I feel it, gracious sovereign! and that all
 I now possess, above th' unnoticed throng,
 Flows from the fountain of your royal bounty---
 Bankrupt of thanks I own.---Let me own, too,
 That, were I not the creature of your favour,
 The manly vigour of my sovereign's soul,
 His stern contempt of pleasure's gilded toys,
 His firm adherence to his people's welfare,
 Would challenge all my bosom to himself,
 And leave no space for any rival there.
 Yet do I love the Prince!---Heaven knows how
 truly!

And, pardon, Sire! th' infirmity which strives
 Vainly to emulate your strong-nerved virtue,
 It wounds me when I think the arm of power
 Must strengthen reason's inefficient voice.

ALPHONSO.

Dismiss the foolish feeling from thy bosom:
 To us commit the means the end may ask:
 Think thou of duty only and thy king.

Enter MESSENGER.

GONSALEZ.

The man, my Lord! who bore your Majesty's
 High orders to the Prince.

ALPHONSO.

Well, Sir!---Your business?---
 Where is the Prince?

MESSENGER.

I found him not, my Liege!

He left his palace at the break of day,
They told me, for the chace.

GONSALEZ.

Was he alone?
Or how attended?

MESSENGER.

It was said, my Lord!
A banish'd noble of Castile was with him,
When he took horse.---Of more I cannot speak.

ALPHONSO.

Your errand is discharged---enough---away!
[Ex. MESS.
Gone to the chace! ay! 'tis the chace, I fear,
Of thy dishonour, Pedro! and should not
Our guardian kindness intercept the danger,
Thou would'st o'ertake thy ruin. Love's his
game!
And the warm sport has led him to Mondego:
There to abase, beneath a woman's feet,
The pride of manhood, and his country's hope!

GONSALEZ.

Perhaps his comrade, the Castilian fugitive,
Prompt to absolve his debt of gratitude,
Might press the excursion to Mondego's walls,
To kneel, and print on the white hand of Inez
Thanks for her sovereign patronage.

ALPHONSO.

Ay! there
The string you touch'd was discord. Portugal
Ill bears, I know, this partial waste of favour
On her proud foes. Besides, protection given
To those who fly his just authority,

May kindle anger in our brother * Pedro,
 And float our Portugal with crimson war.
 It must not be.---Yet to prevent it asks
 No common counsels. Lenient to his weakness
 The people love him; and his doating mother,
 Enamour'd of his very fault, embraces
 Its wanton object. Be it your care, Coello!
 To bear our pleasure to this truant Prince;
 And say his King expects his instant presence.
 Your labour will be easy!--at Mondego
 You'll find, I think, the chacer and the prey!

COELLO.

I fly, my Liege, upon the wings of duty,
 To execute your will. [Ex. COELLO.

ALPHONSO.

And now, my lords!
 I yield you to yourselves. Think of the means
 To give your sovereign's purposes effect:
 And, when Coello's mission is accomplish'd,
 Ere the sun reach it's noon, we'll meet again.
 Heavens! shall the throne of Portugal be made
 The couch of sloth and wantonness?---No!
 lords!

The occasion bids us wake our slumbering force,
 And shew us to our people, like ourselves!
 Firm in our palace, as the field:---nor more
 Unmann'd by partial kindness than by fear!

[Exeunt.

* The Cruel of Castile.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

PEDRO *and* INEZ.

PEDRO.

O my soul's happiness!--without whom life
Were but a cheerless gloom! How slow have
crept

The fullen hours since late I left your arms!
Thus let me fold you!--In your sweet society
Time scarce is felt to be;---though all its minutes
Are lively with delight, and each relates
A separate tale of bliss. But say, my fair,
What grief has veil'd the lustre of your eyes;
And on your cheek,---the rosy seat of joy,
Planted it's paler ensign?

INEZ.

Oh my Pedro!
More welcome than the light to him, who pines
In the dark dungeon's bosom, is your presence
To these glad eyes;---before it all my cares
Light fly,---as spectres from the sovereign glance
Of the sun, mounted on his eastern throne.
You talk of absence and its pains, my Pedro,
Whose manly firmness gives the strength to bear
them.

How must they wound my breast, where they
encounter

A mind as sensitive, and far more weak?
Business-with you eludes the wants of love,
And public cares withdraw you from your Inez:
For your proud fortune will not flint to one,
What thousands justly claim.---But, left by thee,

Fringing the path which winds along the stream,
Our haunt at evening, as the nightingale
Trills her melodious love,---still speaks of thee!
But oh my Pedro!--much I fear, my bliss,
Possess'd of thee, has more in it of Heaven
Than is indulg'd to this dim lower world.
Ah---much I fear its raptures will be short!

Inez ! forbear this jealousy of fate,
This cold mistrust of Heaven ; whose watchful
care

INEZ.

Alas my Pedro !
Your passion forms the excellence it sees
In its poor object.--All my boast of goodness

Is purity of crime:---and can this ask
 Th' immediate guardianship of Heaven?---besides,
 Who can explore the ways of Providence?
 Thick darkness veils them, and forbids the sight.
 I know not whence or wherefore I should fear,
 But yet, alas! I fear!---'Tis the suspicion
 Alone perhaps of my too happy fortune!
 Yet here it lies---by day a cold oppression,
 And in the night, a ghastly fiend to shape
 The affliction of my dreams.

PEDRO.

Let reason, Inez!
 Dispel imagination's dark abuse:
 Gild all your days with joy,---your nights with
 slumbers
 Pure as an infant's,---brilliant as a saint's!
 Ah! whence, my dearer life! this strange emotion?
 That sigh;---this liquid gem, which trembling
 shines
 On your swell'd lid? speak the mysterious cause
 Of anguish or alarm!---Is not the vow,
 Which at the holy altar made you mine,
 Witness'd and seal'd in Heaven? Has not my love
 Outrun the engagement of the hallow'd contract?
 Or can a doubt injurious to my faith
 Touch your soft bosom, when my heart submits
 Not as your beauty's, but your virtue's subject?
 No! no! my Inez---to your troubled spirit
 Whisper sweet tales of peace;---of happiness;
 Of coming greatness;---of officious crowds,
 Pressing with duteous love to touch your hand;
 To kneel before your throne, and gaze upon
 The wonder of your soul-illumined features,
 Reflecting lustre on the gold that crowns them!

INEZ.

Talk not of greatness, Pedro!--I'm too great,
 I fear, already!--would that the kind Heavens
 Had given me Pedro in an humbler state;---
 Above the pains of want, but yet beneath
 Those strong inquietudes, which shake the lofty.
 'Tis true, possessing thee,---in any fortune
 I had been envy's mark:---but now the fury
 Pursues me with the fulness of her rancour:
 Taints my pure fame, stains my unsullied conduct,
 Points to my ruin, as the publick wish;
 And opens on me all the cry of state.
 At last she'll seize her prey; and thou perhaps,
 Avert the danger, Heaven! may'st fall with Inez!

PEDRO.

Relieve your tender bosom of it's pain!
 My fortune is too strong to dread the sap,---
 The lurking cowardice of court-intrigue!
 Its rocky bulwarks are my country's laws,
 My country's love! and---while secure my for-
 tune,
 What danger can approach with its alarm
 To touch my fair! my joy! my pride!--my wife!

INEZ.

I know not, Pedro!--At another moment
 The honied breath, your love has lavish'd on me,
 Would have allay'd the pangs of any care
 My bosom ever felt:---but let me own,---
 With blushes own, this ill without a name
 Baffles the healing medicine of your lips,
 And ceases not to throb!--Last night my sleep
 Was so deform'd with images of terror,

That still the impression's buried in my heart,
Beyond the hand of reason to erase!

PEDRO.

And is a dream---the parent of this anguish
That preys upon your spirits?---Dreams, my
fair one,
Are fancy's sports!---When judgment's cell is
lock'd,
Th' enchantress yokes her dragon-wain, and,
swifter
Than the sun-beam ranging the universe,
From earth, air, flood, and fire culls parts of things,
Combines and limbs them with capricious wild-
ness;
Spurns order, time and place!---then madly boasts
Her strange creation, form'd in proud defiance
Of truth and nature's plan.---O! let not shadows
Affright your mind from reason's guardian arms!
Perish the dream's memorial, as the dawn
Levels its air-built fabric.

INEZ.

Ne'er before
Did I respect the mimic power of sleep,
Nor have its visions e'er before oppress'd me.
Still has it shewn, as in a broken mirror,
Some odd, disorder'd semblance of the day,
And with the likeness pleased me!---But this
night,
This dreadful night,—presented to my eyes,
In such distinct, and vivid portraiture,
A scene of woe, so wond'rous and unthought of,
That it should seem th' immediate hand of
Heaven
Tracing too surely the dread doom of fate.

PEDRO.

Think not with such deep sadness of a nothing!
And cease to rend your bosom and your Pedro's
With pangs of visionary woe!—But, Inez!
Relate the dream which thus could disarrange
A mind attun'd as thine.

INEZ.

My tongue will falter,
Yet shall it tell thee all.—Alone, methought,
I wander'd weary o'er an unknown waste.
Dark was the scene,—save when the bursting
clouds
With fitful fires disclosed its dreariness
Wrapp'd in a livid sheet. The winds were high;
And, shrieking o'er the desert, struck my frame
So rudely that it trembled.—My heart sunk;
When suddenly a dreadful voice appall'd me,—
Ah! how unlike to thine!—it thunder'd—INEZ!
And seem'd the demon's of the storm!—I turn'd
And straight perceived myself the helpless captive
Of ruffian force!

PEDRO.

Where—where was Pedro then?
Sprung not his falchion to avenge the wrong?

INEZ.

Alas! thou wast not there,—when I was
dragg'd
Before a man, whose looks subdued my soul
More than the night or storm!—his countenance
Was dark as that,—his accents loud as this!
Fiercely he cried,—“Hence take this fair
reproach!”

“ This pest of Portugal! this shame of Pedro!”
 I would have sued for mercy—call’d on Heaven,
 On thee,—but my weak tongue refused its office!
 The rest was some wild horror. Whelm’d
 beneath

The roar of waves I seem’d: a direful tumult
 Astonish’d ev’ry sense: my labouring lungs
 Struggled in vain to heave: my sick eyes swam
 In night—with hollow noises rang my ears!
 I tried to scream,---and in the painful effort
 Awaked,---scarce yet assured of life, and feeling
 The damps of death cold in my pausing heart,
 And clust’ring on my skin!

PEDRO.

No wonder, Inez,
 This dream should shake thee rudely, since its
 terror

Affails even me, though proud in my resistance
 To these fantastick mockeries of night.
 But be it now forgotten! Let thy bosom
 Be calm again as infant innocence:
 Smooth as the liquid surface, which the breath
 Of summer gently curls, and ruffles not.
 Let superstition, with her pale disease,
 Weaken and harass common minds:---be thine
 The health of reason, by religion foster’d.
 Rely on Heaven!--and, as Heaven’s means, on me
 To shield thy weakness from the human tempest.
 In these fond arms, which close thee to my heart,
 Relinquish the throb of danger!

INEZ.

Oh! my Pedro!
 My soul emerges from her depth of gloom;

And, having shared with you her load of anguish,
Is lighten'd and restorèd!---I now could smile
At my late weakness.---But I'll never more
Distress you with the phantoms of my pillow.
The Queen approaches! tell her not your Inez
Doats like her aged nurse!

Enter QUEEN.

PEDRO.

My honour'd parent!
Thus low upon his knee your son presents
The tender of his duty and his love.

INEZ.

And thus I bend in gratitude to her
Who dried the tears which dew'd a mother's
 heart;
Call'd me to life, and bade me live her own!

QUEEN.

Rise, my dear children! and a mother's blessing
Rest on you both! I joy to see you, Pedro,
So soon return'd to your fair spouse, whose spirits
Fade in your absence:---yet I wish she'd often
Consent to chide you hence, and spare the present,
To give the future happiness assurance!

PEDRO.

Why speaks my mother thus?---threats any
 danger
To justify precaution?

QUEEN.

None perhaps.
But age, my son, like mine, is prone to tremble

Where youth sees naught but safety!--Well
you know

The proud dominion of your father's temper,
Stern from opposition. He regards
Your absence from his court as slighted duty:
And calls its fond occasion dotage,---baseness,---
De enerate and shameless luxury,
Sullyng Alphonso's heir!--say would not then
Some condescension to the monarch's wishes,
Some blending with his counsels and his court,
Tend to recall his love, and thus prevent
The stroke of ambush'd mischief!

INEZ.

Sovereign lady!
Beloved as she who bore me! too---too truly
Your fears are tuned with mine! alas! my mother!
Dear as I hold my Pedro,---doat upon him,
Feed on his looks, and live beneath his eye;
Yet has my frequent suit implored his absence
To sooth th' ambition of his father's wish,
And grant the claim of pride.---O! my full heart
Will burst with its alarms!

PEDRO.

Mere fancy-form'd!
'Tis true my father's harsh, but not unjust;
Severe, not cruel;---and my duteous service
Has ever pleaded for a son's regard.
If I renounce the court,---'tis my contempt
Of its poor craft,---the counterfeit of wisdom;
'Tis my resentment of its gaudy crimes;
It's fatal whispers, and its traitor smiles,
Which keeps me from its circle. It distracts me
To see Gonzalez,---with his hoary crown,
Depose the just supremacy of reason,

QUEEN.

PEDRO.

QUEEN.

D

With hints and dark suggestions. All your actions
 Are tortured from their truth:---even your protection
 Of the Castilian exiles has been call'd
 Treason to Portugal!

INEZ.

Ah dearest Madam!
 Can charity be crime?

PEDRO.

Never, my Inez!
 What! blame me for admitting the demand
 Of man on man, the common child of woe?
 It cannot be!--Had these poor fugitives
 Spurn'd at their country's statutes;---bared her
 bosom
 To the invader's steel; wasted her fields
 With hostile flames; exposed her babes and fires
 To slaughter; her chaste matrons to the grasp
 Of staining violation,---were they deep
 In guilt like this, I would abandon them,
 Almost without a tear, to the stern justice
 Of beggary and scorn: but all their crime
 Is flight from a fierce tyrant; is obedience
 To nature's voice, enjoining care of life!

QUEEN.

I know it, Pedro, but your father's eye
 Invests their action with a different colour;
 And makes it black rebellion to their Prince.
 Your favour then to them is sanctioning
 Resistance in the subject; and your foes
 Loudly proclaim the murmurs of our nobles,
 Denied their equal prince.---Be prudent, then:
 Awhile be sparing of this slander'd goodness:

Frequent the court with countenance and
conduct

Adjusted to the times ;---and oh ! remember !
Lock'd in your bosom's inmost cell retain
The secret of your nuptials. You, my daughter,
Yield for a season to resign your name
(As I for you, perhaps, surrender mine)
To the world's censure :---soon shall it throw off
The imputed stain, and claim its proper honours !

INEZ.

Yes, dearest Sov'reign !---for my Pedro's sake,
Welcome even loss of fame ;---be virtue safe !
For only to my Pedro, and my God
I live.

PEDRO.

Thanks, Inez !---and, my honour'd mother,
Your will shall order mine.---Yes, I will form
My tongue to smooth hypocrisy ;---will breathe
The tainted court, and seem to be what worlds
Should never draw me from my pride to be !

QUEEN.

Your prompt adoption of my counsels, Pedro,
Is pleasure to my heart ; and soon I trust
The clouds, which threaten, will resolve to air,
And all again be bright.---As now to find you
I traversed yonder walks, a stranger met me,
Of venerable aspect, and a mien
Of high command.---Regardless of the beauties
Of water, hill, and vale, of flow'ring groves,
And lawns, bespangled with the gems of morning
Fresh kindled by the sun,---his eyes were fix'd ;
And absent seem'd their sense, fast lock'd in care.

At my approach, as from remote and gloomy
Travel, his foul return'd.

PEDRO.

'Tis well remember'd!
Who waits without? (*Enter Servant*) Conduct the
Lord Almada

Here to our presence!---seek him in the gardens!

[*Exit SERVANT.*

He was our comrade hither.---From Castile,
Which tyranny still desolates, he fled
Last night to Coimbra. Inez and my mother
Had chased him from my thought. But see he
comes.

Enter ALMADA.

The Queen, my Lord Almada, and her friend
The lady of this mansion!

QUEEN.

Welcome, Sir,
To Portugal!--that opens wide her arms
To fold, and cherish merit in distress!

ALMADA.

Your Grace's courtesy infuses balm
Into a stranger's wounds! --- Thrice happy
Portugal!

Where virtue sits with greatness on the throne;
And conscious interest joining king and people
Supplies the strength resulting from th' embrace.
O! favour'd country! rich in what thou hast;
And richer in reversion! cheer'd I drink
Thy genial air! and almost lose the feeling
Of what I am---a wretch!

PEDRO.

Renounce, my Lord!
This commerce with sad thought. Let Portugal,
That greets you with the adoption of a son,
Blot out the afflicting record of the past,
And write anew your fortunes.

ALMADA.

Royal Sir!
Whose soul is bounty!--if a human voice
Could still the tempest, which excites the deep;
Could wake the dead, and call them from the
tomb
To man's warm residence, your power perhaps
Might calm my troubled breast, and once more
lead me
To the long-closed,---forgotten view of joy!

PEDRO.

Despair belongs not, Sir, to noble spirits:
It is the cloud, which rests on humbler heights.
The prouder elevation towers above it,
And swells to meet the light.---Your country yet
May rise, resentful of her wrongs, and burst
The yoke, which crushes her.

ALMADA.

Ay---there, indeed,
You open'd comfort to me. In that hope
Alone I cherish being,---rest as I am
Of fortune,---sever'd from those amities
Which grow upon the heart, and roughly push'd
Naked and lonely to life's stormy verge!
Yes!--if I bear to live,---'tis in the hope
That yet these eyes shall see my country happy,

Her stern oppressor fallen.---But majesty
 Strikes root so deeply, with such numerous fibres
 Spreads its adherence to the soil, that, falling,
 It widely propagates the shock and ruin.
 Oh! would to Heaven!---a blow could reach the
 tyrant,
 And yet not strike the KING!

PEDRO.

 'Tis nobly said.
 To Heaven confide your country's destiny:
 To us your fortunes. Deem this land your own;
 And certain that the world's great government
 Is in unerring hands,---resign your cares.
 Be mine to order for your ease and honour,
 Till your Castile recall you to her bosom.
 To-day this lady claims you for her guest.
 Her sweeter voice may lull to sleep your sorrows,
 When my coarse accents fail!

INEZ.

Oh! that it could!
 But all that the attentions of respect,
 All that my wishes and my prayers can do
 To mitigate the aching of your bosom,
 All---all are your's.

ALMADA.

Accept my duteous thanks,
 Most honour'd lady!---goodness great as this
 Subdues me almost into tears.---O! pardon!
 [*looking earnestly at INEZ.*]
 Or if you must condemn---condemn me rather
 As mad than rude, if I declare those features,
 Form'd to convey delight to every eye,
 Bring anguish to my soul.

PEDRO.

What mean you, Sir?

ALMADA.

I scarce know what I mean.---That countenance
Searches a wound ill-closed within my breast;
And tears me with a pang, which, 'till this mo-
ment,

I long had lost the taste of.---Surely Heaven
Never before with such full,---sweet disclosure
Open'd in human face!---or if before,
'Twas only when it brighten'd on the features
Of---of---Oh! suffer me to leave you now,
To hide my weakness, and recall my mind;
Which strangely wanders.

PEDRO.

Let me, Sir, attend you,
'Tis friendship's just demand!

[*Ex. ALM. and PED.*]

QUEEN.

Almada's passion
Surprises and affects me. These wild starts
Betray a gen'rous spirit urged to madness
By Fortune's cruel sport.---My heart bleeds for
him!

INEZ.

And mine feels all his pains.---How statelily
He stands amid his woes,---like some old temple,
Majestick in decay.---In him, indeed,
Nature asserts her privilege of tears;
But 'tis as scornful of the pride, which striving
To lift her where she cannot stand, degrades her.
'Tis strange,---but since I saw this noble exile,
Something has waked an int'rest in my bosom

Active and strong in his behalf. His speech,
His person, nay, his very lineaments,
Worn and impair'd indeed, by time and sorrow,
Reanimate a loss, which saddens me
Even in this high felicity of fortune,
Bless'd in your friendship, and my Pedro's love.

QUEEN.

Is it a father's loss, which thus affects you?
Regard it, Inez, as the law of nature
That parents' tombs should drink the tears of
children;
That age should pass away and youth succeed,
As falls the mellow'd ripeness of the tree,
While the green fruitage swells.

INEZ.

'Tis true, dear Madam!
And daring not to blame, I must lament it.
But ah! my fire, not by the kindly hand
Of nature gather'd, fell before his season,
Torn rudely from the weeping branch---Even
now,
Young as I was at the dire scene of woe,
I see Fernandez drop;---his deed of life
Rent by unhallow'd hands!

QUEEN.

'Twas sad indeed!
But think of it no more. Your filial love
Hath fully paid its sorrows to Fernandez:
And, in his sanctuary of holy rest,
No cares of your's can touch him.---From the
dead
Then turn to bless the living.---Reassume
The sparkle of your mind; and with your spirits,

Dress'd in their bridal splendour, cheer your
Pedro.

For him and you my dearest services
Shall be employ'd.---Be happy, and assured!
Farewell! at noon we'll meet again. [Ex.

INEZ.

Thanks, Madam!

Ah! whence is this, that thus to be alone
Disquiets and alarms me?---Guilt, they say,
Fears solitude.---But guilt and I are strangers;
And still I've drawn from converse with my bosom
That pure delight which the gay crowd denied me.
What act of mine has then provoked the sentence
Of exile from myself?---alas! I know not.
But the pure fountain of my thought is troubled,
As by a hand unseen:---and my light spirits,
Form'd of the morning's more ethereal essence,
Which wont to move with quick but even pace,
Now wildly flit about as from some danger,
Unnoticed by the mind's exploring eye.
What can it mean?---is it the night's vain terror,
Which, victor of my reason, still pursues me?
Is't Nature?---or is it rather the felt presence
Of some celestial guardian, sent in mercy
To warn my careless state, and haply fit it
To meet approaching change?---nor is the
thought

Vain or unwarranted.---Heaven's angel-host,
By the decree of man's all-gracious Sire,
Attend on man, to guide his wilder'd steps
Through this benighted world;---to aid his vir-
tue;

Inform his will, and reinforce his purpose.
But why perplex and tire myself with doubts?
Be thou my friend, my God! if I have served thee

INEZ.

'Tis well, Sir!

COELLO.

Perish, Madam, all my wrongs!
My sighs and tears, soliciting affection,
Be living still, and pleading for return!

INEZ.

I understand you not;—your wrongs you say.
Declare the wrong which you can charge to me,
And I will sue for pardon. Did I ever
Foster a hope, and when mature destroy it?
Have I betray'd or flatter'd, or upbraided?
Even when I gave refusal to your hand—

COELLO.

O death!

INEZ.

Did I inflict an useless pang?
I felt no triumph, and I hurt no pride.
My heart I could not give;—and my hand only
My virtue would not.—I referr'd you justly
To your more equal fortune.

COELLO.

Virtue!—Madam!
You talk it well!—But be the past extinct;
I think of it no more.—Then let our loves
Be born again in this auspicious hour;
And flourish with new life.—By this I swear
[Offering to take her hand.

INEZ.]

Hence, Sir!—forbear!—your words have been
enough.

My ear has been too patient.—I must leave you.
[going.]

COELLO.

'Tis strange she awes me. (*aside*)—Inez! stay—
yet stay!
You're deceived!—What can I say? (*aside*) the
love
Which here I tender you is that of honour,
Inviting you to virtue's arms.

INEZ.

From whence
This strange delusion, that the suit, which fail'd
To touch me in my poor and lonely state,
Should move me now in my changed happier
fortunes!
Withdraw, Sir!—for the world's worth I would
not
That here you should be seen.

COELLO.

Of that I'm careless!
Your happier fortunes!—art thou then so tutor'd
To call them happier?—Is it now thy creed
That wealth, and splendour, and a royal lover
Form happiness:---that virtue, peace, and fame
Are creatures of the lips,---mere vocal breath!
Oh shame!---deep shame!

INEZ.

For Heaven's sake, say, what would you?

COELLO.

Instruct thee in the value of my offer;
Tell thee—to raise thee to thy own esteem;

Once more endow thee with the world's opinion;
Give thee more certain, and more honest wealth;
And take thee to my arms—even as thou art,
Stain'd and dishonour'd—

INEZ.

Sir,—I'll hear no more!
Is this your friendship, to abuse the power,
Lent by a casual moment, to assail me
With poignant calumny?—Could I regard
Aught human with contempt, I'd scorn the man
Who arms his malice with the points of falsehood.

COELLO.

Falsehood!—Why, madam, custom may destroy
The sense of crime;—but the stout fact survives
The death of conscience!—Art thou not then—

INEZ.

What?

COELLO.

The Prince's mistress?

INEZ.

Heavens!

COELLO.

Employ'd to heighten
His hour of pleasure?—Why, 'tis Lisbon's story!
Each street proclaims thy shame; and all its
echoes
Discourse of Pedro's strumpet!

INEZ.

Heaven befriend me!

Oh! help!

Enter PEDRO.

PEDRO.

What's this?—my Inez!—ha! what ruffian
Has dared to violate this holy place?
Speak wretch your name and business!—or' this
hour
Shall be your last of life!—

COELLO.

My name's—Coello! (*turning to Pedro*)
My business here—your father's!

PEDRO.

What!—my father's?
To offer violence to those my power,
And love protect?—Hint not the rash suggestion!
Or, for the slander of my father's name,
Your life shall be the forfeit!

INEZ.

Hold, my Pedro! (*running to Pedro*)
Let not an error urge you to a deed,
Which may hereafter pain you!

COELLO.

Stay him not!
I used no violence!—Nay let him go!
My blood may show his duty to his fire,
Whose delegate I am, directed hither
To bid the Prince attend the King at Coimbra
On business of much weight.

PEDRO.

Is't possible?
The King at Coimbra!—my attendance order'd!
Is this your tale?

COELLO.

It is!—and it is true.

I come, the herald of your better fame,
To summon you from pleasure;—from the lap
Of that false woman, whom you basely stole!

PEDRO.

Villain! forbear! nor urge my temper further;
Lest not thy master's name, which thou disho-
nour'st,
Should yield thee safety!---Hence!---thy present
conduct,
If I can stoop my haughty soul so low
As to regard a thing like thee,---shall yet
Meet its due censure.

COELLO.

'Tis not in my fortune
To dread your threats.---Alphonso's power
protects me:
And you, and your fair harlot may perhaps
Have juster cause to fear.

PEDRO.

Away!---no more!---

[Exit COELLO.]

INEZ.

Ah Pedro!---what is this?---The King so
near us!

You to attend him! and his minister
Sent in high wrath away!---My fever-fit
Returns with double chill. Farewell sweet peace!
Never again, I fear, shalt thou revisit
This breast, thy once loved seat.---O Pedro!---
Pedro!

If the bad star, which govern'd at my birth,
 Must still controll the Heavens, permit it not
 To strike your guiltless fortunes!---Oh! resign me
 To my own fate,---no more the bane of your's.
 Deep in the bosom of some hallow'd mansion
 I'll give myself to God! and if a thought
 Of thee, and all our loves, should sometimes
 steal me

From my Redeemer's arms,—even superstition,
 Relenting, may absolve the woman's frailty;
 And, when I sleep in the cold grave, afford me
 The holy charity of prayer.

PEDRO.

Oh Inez!

Cease from this fond despair!—Think now no
 more

Of any wrongs this man had power to offer,
 Mad as he is with slighted love!—To thee
 These gates shall never more admit the ruffian;
 And me he cannot touch.—I'll to my father:
 With the best, fondest duty of a son
 Be suitor for his love; and then, with spirits
 Lighten'd of all that can oppress,—return
 To say your fears are vain.—Adieu, my fair!
 Smile at the past as at your dream's prediction:
 And hasten to your garden, which solicits
 Your hand's soft tendance for its lovely tribes;
 And opens all its beauty,—all its fragrance
 To lap your senses in delight.—Farewell!

INEZ.

Farewell!—I go!—but all the charming scene,
 Which breathes and blushes round me, cannot
 give

Ease to a thought, or pleasure to a sense,
'Till your return restore me to myself!

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

THERESA *and* ALVARO.

THERESA.

How has your suit, my Lord Alvaro, speeded
With Leonora?—at your late interview
Her temper was not, as I fear, adjusted
To meet a lover:—Pedro's cruelty
Had somewhat disarranged it!

ALVARO.

So I thought.
For my fair mistress seem'd, indeed, unsettled
As seas when lash'd with winds. The storm at
first
Wrought high and threaten'd!—but it soon
subsided
And all was hush'd again!—I now regard myself
A thriving wooer.

THERESA.

'Twas my management .

E

To bring her to your wishes by despair
 Thence where her happiness is deeply rooted;
 And whence despair alone has power to drag her.
 Counsell'd by me she wrote this morn to Pedro
 To lure him to her house,—not in the terms
 Effused by love to melt,—but in the strain
 Of injured worth, and haughty jealousy,
 Not sparing his loved Inez!

ALVARO.

That was well.

THERESA.

I bore the letter,—saw the poison work;
 And of its strong effect in Pedro's answer
 I soften'd naught,—nor bated her a pang:
 Though to be witness of her poignant anguish
 Touch'd me with pity to the quick.

ALVARO.

Your conduct,
 Theresa, claims my thanks,—and something
 more.

Still give my wishes aid: observe the passes,
 Which well thou know'st, of Leonora's heart;
 Procure me entrance, and exclude the foe;
 And then assure yourself that young Ximenes,
 (Nay blush not!—'tis a just and fair attachment,
 And I can sway his choice,) shall be your own,
 With all my int'rest labouring to advance him.

THERESA.

My thanks are your's;—and all my power
 to serve you.

But you must now endue my will with action,
 And teach it to be useful. Leonora,

I fear, still fosters in her heart a hope
Of Pedro's hand.

ALVARO.

She does;---and at this crisis
Roused by the expected downfall of her rival,
That hope is lively.---Something must be done
To give it the death-blow.---Let me consider!
Pedro comes here to-day.---

THERESA.

Comes here to-day!

ALVARO.

The event is certain :---on his father's summons
He will be here to-day :---the business, Inez.
Now were he taught to deem our Leonora
An active mover in this plot of ruin,
That urges his fair mistress,---and 'tis likely,
The very letter which you bore this morning
Seeming to vouch the story, his touch'd feeling
Would quickly blaze,---and in its strong dis-
closure
Might hurry Leonora from the hope,---
Perhaps the wish of future reconciliation!

THERESA.

What! if I frame a letter in the hand,
Which well my art can imitate,---and name
Of Leonora,---fill'd with warm reproaches
For my past wrongs, and hiding not my triumph
At some near evil, darkly shadow'd out,
Ready to burst on Inez.

ALVARO.

"Tis a plan

Of specious promise,---if you so could order it,
That they should meet then when his bosom
heaved

With its first quick emotions.—Could this be,
'Twere well to raise her hope perhaps—to dash it
With a more mortal fall.

THERESA.

I'll try to be
The efficient engine of your wish;---though hard
To tear a woman's pride from the bright circle
Which binds the royal brow!---But let us part;
That no suspicion waken in the breast
Of Leonora, whom I see advancing. [*Exit.*

Enter LEONORA.

ALVARO.

My Leonora!---all my soul is your's!
Your charms, your virtues, and your smiles
assert it.

LEONORA.

No more, I pray, Alvaro,---Lives the hope
Of that bad woman's fall?

ALVARO.

I press'd the King
By Pedro's valued safety to remove her:
And urged the cause of Portugal, that wept,
And, blushing for her Prince, implored relief
From the infliction of an alien's power.
Nor did I plead in vain. Ere night descend,
And the lone owl prolong her fatal note,
Your eyes may see the serpent-hatch of ven-
geance,
And Inez in a state no more to hurt you.

LEONORA.

Me!--let it pass howe'er.--Your merit's great
To Portugal,---to all who hold their country
In dear esteem.--For me---I live to praise,
To recompense your deed.

ALVARO.

My Leonora!—

The King unwilling to unfold his counsels
In Pedro's palace, where the very walls,
With latent life devoted to their lord,
Might catch, and mar his purposes,—intends
To hold his close divan beneath your roof.
He charged me to commend his kingly service
To your fair self,---and to disclose his pleasure.

LEONORA.

He makes my mansion proud!--my life and
fortunes
Are his---so tell the King.

ALVARO.

I will not fail.

Soon shall you hear eventful tidings from me.
Pedro is order'd to attend.

LEONORA.

What here?

Say you the Prince?---Where comes he? Speak,
and when?
Declare it all!

ALVARO.

Our council claims his presence;
And such the pressure of his father's mandate,

That soon he must be here. But why thus moved?

LEONORA.

I had forgotten---(*aside*)---Moved?---why no---
not moved!---
I'm calm;---though here to have my Sovereign
roof'd,
Sitting, in awful synod, on the fate
Of Portugal and Pedro, well might throw
My spirits from their balance.---I must hence,
And seek Theresa;---who expects my coming.
[*Exit.*

ALVARO.

In time you seek her;---she's prepared and
lesson'd
For your reception!---What! Coello here!
Disturbance in his mien!---Heav'n grant the boys
(*Enter COELLO.*)
Have quarrell'd for their drab!---How now,
Coello,
Where is the Prince?

COELLO.

I come to seek the King.
The Prince was at Mondego:---but my business
Is instant with the king.

ALVARO.

I'll not detain you.
But let me, as a friend, be taught from whence
This strong disorder in your countenance:
These hurried accents! some untoward event
Hath cross'd you at Mondego.

COELLO.

Hear me then.

I went, and found the faithless fair alone.
 More lovely through a veil of tender sorrow
 Her beauties shone,—as when the sun at noon
 Through a cloud's silky fleece sheds soften'd day.
 I saw,—and all my love,—(forbear to wonder,
 Hadst thou been there, ev'n thou of force hadst
 loved)

Revived,—and urged me not to lose the moment
 Of great attempt. I sued and press'd—nay—
 shame

Strangles my speech—O! blush for me, my friend!
 Proffer'd again my hand!

ALVARO.

And 'twas accepted?

COELLO.

No---wonderful!---amid her vice she stands
 Erect with all the loftiness of virtue.
 By Heavens!---she spurn'd the offers of my passion
 With pride ; nay with resentful modesty.

ALVARO.

The strumpet of the Prince then bears it high.
 Perhaps 'twas honour, which disdain'd to make
 A prize of weakness:---or 'twas female niceness,
 That would not gorge you with the Prince's
 surfeit!

COELLO.

My curses wither them!---But I relieved
 My bosom of its spleen. My strong reproaches
 Urged the meek harlot's conscience from its slum-
 bers

To chill her guilty heart, and flush her cheek.

But ere my just revenge was satisfied,
Pedro appear'd.

ALVARO.

And I can guess the rest.
His wrath burn'd fiercely, and I fear your spirit
Kindled with equal flame!

COELLO.

It did indeed.
But who,—the ravish'd treasure in his sight,
The spoiler by, and breathing foul affronts,
Could give a thought to prudence, or restrain
The lion in his heart?

ALVARO.

I cannot blame it.
Lament indeed I may ;—for let the father
Rate as he will his son, the king will yet
Enforce respect from subjects to their prince.
But hasten to Alphonso : tell your story ;
And woo his favour ere the Prince can see him.
Should this unlucky business come before us,
I must appear your foe, that I may serve you
With more assured effect.—Stay then no longer !
Gonsalez coming speaks the hour of council
At hand, if not arrived. [Exit COELLO.

Enter GONSALEZ.

GONSALEZ.

Was it Coello,
Who parted hence, Alvaro?

ALVARO.

Yes, Gonsalez !
He parted hence in haste to seek the king,
With tidings from Mondego.

GONSALEZ.

Heavy tidings

Must he bring thence I fear to Portugal :
For there has that disastrous woman planted,
With arts, no doubt, of hell, and damned witch-
craft,
The throne of proud Castile, which towers
above us,
And throws us into shade.

ALVARO.

I see and feel,

With eyes and heart like thine, the sad effects
Of Pedro's dotage ;—but I deem it only
The wonted power of woman in its insult
Over the pride of man.

GONSALEZ.

It must be more.

Would Pedro, wise and continent, abandon
His fame, his wisdom, and his temperance,
His father's love, the splendour of the court,
The affection of the nobles,—all that dazzles
In young ambition's eyes—for the poor love
Of a pale girl ?—no, no,—it cannot be
But that the cogency of hellish charms
Subdues and holds him captive.

ALVARO.

True indeed,

The Prince's conduct almost justifies
The strange suspicion.

Enter KING and COELLO.

ALPHONSO.

Sent away with insult ?

No answer given?—Am I so lightly prized?
By Heaven! he holds his honour and his life
In cheap respect to dally with me thus.
The offence—attention to his wench?

COELLO.

Yes, Sire!

Attention, not of passion.

ALPHONSO.

Would it had been;
And had succeeded!—that thou might'st have
thrown
The sick'ning morsel to the general mouth,
To be defaced and tainted!

ALVARO.

May your servant,
My gracious Liege! enquire the cause that
moves you?

ALPHONSO.

Why,—the ill-tutor'd boy, Alvaro, flights us;
Vouchsafes to our great bidding no reply;
And drives the noble bearer of our orders
With contumely from him!

ALVARO.

Much I wonder
The Prince should so forget his wonted duty.
But yet I trust, and dare to pledge myself
That the offence was error, and his Grace
Will yet redeem the opinion of your Highness.
The Prince will come;—my life upon the event.

ALPHONSO.

'Twere best he did!—but why affront Coello,
For whom my name solicited respect?

ALVARO.

My honour'd estimation of Coello
Forbids the thought that any thing in him
Of speech or bearing could intend offence.
Yet let me say the Prince's state is such,
Stripp'd of his proper nature, and all living
With the quick touch of love, that the light
gossamour
Might prove to him an instrument of torture,
As the steel whip to us.

ALPHONSO.

You plead most ably
For this unthinking boy:—but sure I trust
Coello could not so forget himself,
Or us, or ours, as to address the Prince
In terms of disrespect!

COELLO.

I hope, my sovereign
Cannot suspect that, rebel to my duty,
I would refuse my knee, and my heart's homage
To any of his house. If I asserted,
When strongly urged, my dignity of office,
Deputed by my king, 'twas to command
Respect for your great person.

GONSALEZ.

Gracious fire!
I cannot deem Coello culpable;
Nor yet the Prince, in whom unholy arts
Have so disorder'd nature, that she wanders
From her fair self.

ALPHONSO.

What think you then the Prince
Abused by witchcraft?

GONSALEZ.

What besides has power
Thus to dash out the characters of wise,
Of just, of virtuous, and of dutiful?
What prouder mischief for man's enemy
Than to confound a nation in its prince?
Or means more apt to work the demon's malice
Than a poor, weak, deceived aspiring woman?

ALPHONSO.

Pshaw!—'tis my grādam's tale!—the forcery
Which ruins Pedro is his own corruption.
It is the rebel striking in his pulse:
The demon in his heart.

GONSALEZ.

Well, well, my Liege!
I cannot think that, without aid of hell,
The power of woman could so far distemper
The healthy current of the Prince's mind.

Enter SERVANT.

But who is here?

SERVANT.

The Prince, my Liege, attends.

ALPHONSO.

Admit him straight! [*Exit* SERVANT.

Enter PEDRO.

PEDRO.

Health to my gracious sovereign!
To my dear father!

ALPHONSO.

Lords! retire awhile;
 We would be to ourselves! [*Exeunt LORDS.*] I
 wonder, Pedro,
 Thy tongue can shape the accents of affection,
 When thy false bosom harbours enmity.
 Fie! 'tis deceit beneath a manly mind.
 But what hast thou with manliness?—a slave!
 A woman's slave!

PEDRO.

This strong rebuke, my father!
 Strikes to my heart;—though all my question'd
 life
 Disclaim the charge.—Unkindness to my father!
 Summon my actions in review before you,
 And where is't to be found?—Have I allied
 With guilty factions to subvert the throne,
 To wound my sovereign's dignity and peace?
 Has not my conduct, scorning the suspicion
 Of pride, maturing into dangerous action,
 Still taught your subjects to obey and honour?

ALPHONSO.

Ay,---so thou say'st. Thou has not arm'd, 'tis
 true,
 The subject's hand against the sovereign's life:
 Nor yet intrigued, with the mean soul of party,
 To steal his honour, and cajole the people.
 No! this is guilt beyond thy nature's malice;
 Perhaps beyond her sloth, and impotence.
 But thou hast sworn against thy father's hopes;
 Wrong'd his just pride; been false to thy great
 fortunes;
 Cheated the people of their rightful Prince,

Their statesman, and their warrior, and instead
Hast shamed them with a soft luxurious boy,
The promise of another feeble Sancho! *

PEDRO.

Let not my father deem of me so ill;
Nor give my foes their wish!---I know that majesty
Is still besieged with the base crew of interest;
Who watch the latent passion, as it prompts
The speaking movements of the royal eye,
And with its strong corruption work their purpose.
I know there are, who strive to taint your ear
With pois'nous misconstruction of my conduct.
But, good my Liege, let not their arts prevail
Against my life's whole story;—and persuade you,
Your son can act unworthy of his fire,
His country or himself.

ALPHONSO.

Why talk of foes?
Thy foes are in thyself alone.—The court
Loves and laments thee: and what need of eyes,
Sharpen'd by malice to explore thy faults,
When even on mine,---veil'd with paternal fond-
ness,
They burst with noontide glare.—When the big
interests
Of a whole people hang upon our judgment;
The nation's genius with the wise and great
Convened in anxious council;---where art thou?
No voice is heard for Pedro!---When the troops
Are marshall'd on the plain, and flame-eyed war,
As his grim ridges flash an iron gleam,
Views the proud scene with joy, and sternly waits
The fall of heroes in the future combat,---

* Sancho 2d of Portugal.

Then---where's the Prince?---Th' inquiring eye
shall find

The boy of peace lull'd in a woman's lap,
Unbrighten'd by a dream of fame or power!
It is perhaps for some deep crime of mine,
Thou art ordain'd my scourge.---Yet for what
crime?

If I stood forth th' opposer of my father,
'Twas thirst of power,---'twas energy of mind
That bore me to the deed,---and glory pleaded
For the high-soul'd offence!---By Heav'n I had
rather

See thee in arms against me,---than thus fall'n,
Honour's apostate!---rather would I glow
With anger, than with shame!

PEDRO.

Cease, Sire, to wrong me!
Shew me fair honour, and I'll rush to meet her
Even where the valiant shrink! Let Tarif* wit-
ness!

You, Sire, may witness too, that my good sword
Can hold its temper in the deed of blood.
But honour, Sire, is ever found with justice.
That war, which bleeds as mad ambition prompts,
My soul detests;---I see it wet with tears
Of parents, widows, orphans;---see it fed
With the scant morsel snatch'd from the starved
peasant,

See it deny insulted earth her tillage,
Her husbandman transform'd into a ruffian!
See it suppress the arts:---prohibit commerce
To join far-sunder'd realms,---to mingle climes,

* The battle of Tarif gained by Alphonso XI. of Castile and this Alphonso against the Moors, a few years before the death of Inez.

And blend mankind in one large charity.
 Oh---'tis a monster!—the disgrace of reason!
 Honour disclaims it!----Were my sovereign
 threaten'd;

My country gored with an invader's steel,
 Soon should you see me foremost in the field.
 With many hearts exulting in my bosom,
 And proud to force your praise!

ALPHONSO.

And must we then
 Await with folded arms the war that seeks,
 And beards us in our palace?—Are dominion,
 And the great name, which widely awes mankind,
 The well-appointed legions, and the navy
 Pregnant with floating warfare,---things of naught
 Below the nobler mind?—Is not the glow
 Itself of battle, and the pride of conquest
 Transporting to the soul?--But thou hast lost,
 Degenerate boy! the very taste of glory.
 Heavens!--As my eye has drunk the crimson
 slaughter,

My ear the groans of death and shouts of victory,
 More has my bosom panted with delight,
 Than stung with all the poignancies of sense.
 But wherefore this to thee?--thy bliss is peace!
 Then why desert the council-room, where great-
 nels,

No more an iron figure stain'd with blood,
 Sits in her robes of silk, and weighs the fortunes
 Of persons and of states;---fills her exchequer
 With the bright means of government and power;
 Makes tillage, traffick, arts,---religion's self
 Her factors to enrich and aggrandize her.
 Pervades the chaos-mass of character,
 And to its several parts of cold and ardent,

Active and dull---assigning its due place,
Disposes all in order, and thus forms
A world adjusted to her lofty purpose.

PEDRO.

Think me not, Sire, without the pulse that
 quickens
Beneath the touch of greatness.---War itself,
By justice own'd, can please me with its trophies.
But far more grateful to my soul, I own,
The triumphs of fair peace:---to spread--to cherish
The growth of man, and fill the wond'ring desert
With smiling population:---to support
Society with morals;---feed with wealth;
Adorn with arts:---to prompt the nerves of labour
To hang the mountain with the clust'ring vintage,
Or float* the plain with harvests;---to command
The flood with the bold arch:---to make the pre-
 cipice
Patient of human feet, and speed the intercourse
Of man with man:---to waft the navy, fraught
With science and religion, to the savage,
To teach and bless:---to bid the general force
Be general good, and thus to prove that all
Were made for all:--O!—this indeed is greatness
That lifts us near to Gods!--but the poor pride
Of vulgar statesmanship,---to cog and juggle
With artifice and mystery for power;---
To seize the unguarded weaknesses of men,
And make them work our strength, to play off
 passion
'Gainst passion, and by disuniting govern:

* Et juvat undantem buxo spectare Cytorum. Geor. 2. 437.
 Segetes altæ campique natantes
Lenibus horrescunt flabris. Geor. 3. 198.

To form the whole into a mine, and ladder
 To raise our pride and glut our avarice—
 Is meanness,—guilt,—and trick,—resembling wisdom
 As love of bloodshed valour :---'tis beneath me!

ALPHONSO.

And can'st thou think this lofty rhapsody
 Will pass with me?—it only proves the danger
 Of thy sick state, when, all the soul corrupt,
 The hireling intellect can plead for sloth.

PEDRO.

No, Sire, if you require me at your councils,
 My presence shall be there,—though your great
 self
 Render it most unheeded : and I fear
 My simple and right-onward policy
 Will be the theme of scorn to that dark wisdom,
 Which mines and doubles there.

ALPHONSO.

No more!—thou speak'st
 Like an unpractised boy!—Attend me now!
 The nobles of our realm, enraged to see thee
 Lost in poor luxury and basely giving
 Their smiles to strangers, compass us with mur-
 murs
 Which almost shake our throne. Our special
 wrongs
 Are greater yet than their's; and all combine
 To claim the sacrifice of that bad woman
 Who holds thee in her chains, and stains thy ho-
 nour.
 We are thy suitors now,—Should'st thou refuse us,
 We can enforce our purpose!

PEDRO.

O my father !
 Be not abused by the false voice of fame :
 Nor let the noble's causeless jealousy
 Prompt your injustice.—Of my crime, in aiding
 Castile's sad fugitives, the whole account
 Is common courtesy, and scant relief.
 For her, whose virtues wake degenerate hate,
 She never urged a deed allied to guilt :---
 Her thought and conduct---charity and goodness.
 Oh !—she is faultless as, before the fall,
 Was our first parent :—Heaven's own light her
 soul,
 Unmingled with the vapours of this world.

ALPHONSO.

She hath undone thee, Pedro, and must fall.
 What ! say'st thou---to protect these vile Casti-
 lians,
 Who mock by flight their prince's baffled justice,
 Is but an act of common aid to woe ?
 Doth it not loose the ties, which bind together
 The brother-lords of earth, and make each
 monarch
 The patron of his neighbour-monarch's rebels ?
 'Tis most unwise !---Thy female counsellor
 Must be removed.

PEDRO.

My gracious Liege ! she never
 Govern'd my partial hand.---Remove her !--Sire !
 Nature will not obey !---Oh pardon me,
 If here I claim the peasant's privilege,
 To chuse the partner of my love.

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ALPHONSO.

The peasant
 May chuse his own she-beggar as he will.
 The thing of dirt may welter in the senses :
 'Tis his poor recompence, and injures no one.---
 Not so the prince---he lives not for himself :
 His frame and spirit,---sense and intellect
 Are glory's only :---and as glory wills
 Their functions must obey.---Thy fair, thou
 say'st,
 Never supplied an argument to wrong.
 When late thy passion's outrages pursued
 My minister, Coello, whom my name
 Might sanction from thy wrongs,---who then im-
 pell'd
 To the rash deed?

PEDRO.

Coello, my good Lord---

ALPHONSO.

I'll hear no more!--Dismiss this female mis-
 chief!
 This Helen,---fatal to the peace of kindoms.
 Let her begone!--I speak to save thee, Pedro!
 Let her this instant quit the realm for ever!
 Or thou shalt prove my force!--Away with her!
 Lest my prone vengeance in its fierce descent
 Should blend thy fate with her's! [Ex. ALPH.

PEDRO.

Let it!--I'm fix'd
 To stand the crush!--Obedience to a father!--
 It has a claim of force:—but nature, reason,
 Religion,—guardian of the plighted faith,
 Join to repel, and mock it!--no—my Inez,—

Never can I leave thee!—should it be Heaven's
will,
For thee—adieu to fortune, friends, and power!
They're but the dress and ornament of life,
Thou art the life itself!—But whence is this?
What hands have wrought this master piece of
ruin?

Coello!—that is true.—Gonzalez also,
With his cold maxims of left-handed wisdom,
May ill affect my love.—Alvaro too
With a friend's face, they say, hides a foe's heart.
Mischief, I know, he loves,—and—Leonora.
Ha!—let me think!--yes it is so---that woman
With her soul's torrent, swell'd by jealousy,
Hath set to work this engine of destruction.
Yet how?---would she address the king against
His son,---talk of her wrongs, or of the state's?
To hear an angry woman on such themes
Alphonso would but smile:---and yet this house,
In which the king confers;---ay, and the letter,
Hinting the fall of Inez,---given me now
As I arrived in Coimbra, strongly prove
This woman to be leagued with plotting villains
Against my honour, love, and happiness.
Confusion! it is she!--I'll hence, and shun her!
(*Going*)

Enter LEONORA.

LEONORA.

O Pedro! stay---fly me not thus unkindly!
Nor kill the joy your presence has inform'd
With newly-kindled life.

PEDRO.

I hoped the pride
Of your soft sex, whose triumph is in flight,

Would save me, Madam, from this vain pursuit,
Injurious to your honour, and my peace.

LEONORA.

“ Save you !” Sir !—hear ye this, ye righteous
Heavens !

“ Injurious to your honour, and my peace !”
Then was the time to talk of peace and honour,
When Pedro fought my love !—If now I violate
My sex’s privilege, and fix a blush
On maiden modesty,—his be the crime
Whose perfidy compels me.—O my Pedro !
Wrong me no more : return to your kind self :—
Think of our loves ;—let them assert your favour
And plead with angel-tongues against the guilt
Of basely leaving me.—I thought to find
My welcome in your smiles ;—not thus be chill’d
By the dark low’ring of a wintry brow.

PEDRO.

Talk not of perfidy ! Our loves concurr’d not
On contract’s hallow’d ground !—no hope
excited ;
No faith deceived,—no honour violated
Can urge me with its wrongs.—If I offended
The sanctity of virtue,—the offence
Is not without its record in my heart,
Or witness on my cheek. Recall my love !
Th’ attempt is idle :—to recall the breeze,
Which, sighing on the flower, expired,—as easy.
In honour’s name desist ! and let not passion
Lead you more wide of goodness.—

LEONORA.

What is this ?
Heavens !—that your shame, and conscience
should be strong.

Only to injure me!--without remorse
You bear this blushing virtue to the arms
Of your Castilian harlot.

PEDRO.

Dare not speak it!
'Tis to blaspheme the holiness of virtue
Enshrined in beauty:---'tis to censure her
Who never censures:---never moved her lips
To pain or injure.

LEONORA.

She was never wrong'd!
Oh! for some power of chosen execration
To strike and sear her to the heart!--the good!
She fair!--the mild!--Consumptions waste her!
The south-wind dry her blood!--or the rank
breath

Of sun-drawn fens corrupt, and melt it down
Into one putrid source of blains and sores,
To make her hateful in your eyes as now
She is abhorr'd in mine!--Nay, thou shalt
hear me!

What have I yet to fear?---my wrongs are full.
Hath his breast heaved a sigh?---his eyes relented
Into one pitying drop, or even vouchsafed
A glance of kindness?---my poor brain is giddy!
Yet will I have revenge!--no matter what!
It shall be copious vengeance to allay
The heat of my sick heart:---my eyes shall
drink it

Even to satiety!--yes thou shalt pay me
With pang for pang;---and when thou groan'st
and weep'st

And tear'st thy hair---then will I laugh, and mock
Thy agonies, as thou dost mine.---Away! [*Ex.*

PEDRO.

She hath amazed me.---Yet perhaps her state
 Hath privilege to rail,---and I must bear it.
 Out of our vices righteous Heaven contrives
 To shape our punishment.---O let not this,
 Nor any failings of my erring youth,
 Be register'd against me.---Pardon Heaven!
 Or if thou must correct,---to me alone
 Restrain the infliction!---Visit not my faults
 On the pure object of my love!---O keep her
 In thine especial care, and I will bless thee
 Even as I sink beneath thine awful justice! [*Exit.*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

ALMADA.

Ah! what is man?—a bubble raised in play,
 Which swells awhile;—sports its quick varying
 tints,
 A borrower from the sun; then bursting melts
 Into its parent elements, nor leaves
 A trace behind.—Man is creation's wonder!
 With faculties that walk the range of Heaven:
 With appetites that gorge upon the earth;
 An angel-brute! extended in desire

With space and time, yet bounded in fruition
 By a mere point and moment.—Bliss his aim,
 But his attainment anguish,—he creeps on
 From day to day in care of sordid being;
 While hour to hour repeats the same dull tale,
 Till wearied nature sleeps:—or, meteor-like,
 He glares and flashes, with illusive splendour,
 Till his thin flame is spent.—Our morn of life
 Is wet with sorrow's dew:—our noon involved
 In passion's storm;—our evening pale and chill,
 And fading into night:—and when this sun
 Is quench'd in darkness,—shall no day-star rise
 To warm and waken us?—there shall—and then
 The joys and cares which shook this fev'rish life
 Shall be no more remember'd than a dream.

Yes! 'tis the distant beam of this new day
 Which gilds this vale with all it boasts of lustre,
 And fills our nerves with spirits for our travel.
 But soft!—she comes, and, with her kindred
 loveliness,

Restores that image, which revolving suns
 Had almost melted from my heart's close grasp.
 If the Queen leave her, I'll resolve the doubts
 Which float on my toss'd mind.—Should she be
 mine!

But why indulge the hope?

[*Exit.*

Enter QUEEN and INEZ.

QUEEN.

He would avoid us.—

Let us respect his sorrow's privilege.

You promised cheerfulness when late we parted---

Why then this gloom which still o'ercasts your
 spirits?

Fie! 'tis unkind.—

INEZ.

O chide me not, dear Madam.
The tumult of this anxious morn has tired me,
And my weak heart is faint. Scarce had you
left me,
When, charged with business from the King to
Pedro,
Coello came.

QUEEN.

The business I conclude
To bid the Prince to court.—Did he obey?

INEZ.

He did, and instantly set off to meet
The King at Coimbra.

QUEEN.

Coimbra!—did you say?
That's somewhat strange.

INEZ.

It is—and is the prologue
To a sad tale I fear,—not less the subject
Of grief in time to come, than now of wonder.
Ah me! my hapless fate! to gain from bliss
A sense more exquisite to feel affliction,
And not elude a pang!—Why did good
Heaven
Permit your kindness, and my Pedro's love
To take me thence where my disastrous fortunes
Were all my own?—Oh! 'tis supremely wretched
To be a fatal bride:—to bring in dower
No blessing—but a curse.

QUEEN.

My dearest daughter!
Wrong not yourself or Heaven!—more smiling
hours
Are on the wing to meet you.—Pedro's suit
Will move his father, and to aid his pleading,
My knee shall kiss the ground. All is prepared,
And I will hence even now.

INEZ.

Your goodness beggars
All my poor pow'rs of recompence.--Oh Madam!
You see me now whelm'd in the deep confusion
Of a dishonour'd name.—Coello's malice,
Surprising me alone, so rudely press'd me
With slanderous suggestion, that my blood
Recoil'd almost to death.---Much was I moved
To dash the calumny by proudly claiming
The rank of Pedro's wife!---

QUEEN.

I hope thou didst not!

INEZ.

No Madam, your behest subdued the woman
Rebelling in my breast, and chain'd the tell-tale.

QUEEN.

'Tis well---it had been fatal else.

INEZ.

Ah! wherefore?
I own, indeed, and feel myself unworthy,
O how unworthy, of my Pedro's virtues.
But to Asturia's royal line my Sire
Traced his high ancestry; and, were he living,

Would not regard his daughter raised when sitting
Even on the throne of Portugal.

QUEEN.

My child!

I know too well your honourable lineage
To deem your hand beneath a prince's fortune.
And your own worth, O! pardon me the blush,
That pains your tender cheek,—deserves a throne.
But the King thinks not thus. His eyes are fix'd
On power alone. The alliance that would please
him,

Must sue with crowns and armies in her hand.
Besides your course, like your own * Guadiana,
Was lost awhile, and ere again it mounted,
Flow'd through a tract of darkness.—On this
period

Of your dimm'd lustre would he rest his search
Convinced the Prince's love alone had raised you
While it had humbled him. Oh then be secret!
If you respect your own,—your husband's safety,
Forego the name of wife!—Honour and virtue
Have danger in them.—Pedro's wanton licence,
Would he indulge the ambition of his father,
Might range all Portugal, and meet no censure.
Not so his marriage:—'twould incense the tyrant,
And you, the Prince, and I, perhaps might fall
In one dread ruin.—Keep the fatal secret,
Howe'er enforced,—there's death in the disclosure.

INEZ.

Not all the pains of honour on the rack
Shall make again my steady purpose falter.

* A river of Spain, which is absorbed and runs for a certain space under ground.

Your's and my Pedro's safety can obtain
My smile even for disgrace!

QUEEN.

Your suffering
Cannot be long.—Soon shall you claim your
husband,
With no Alphonso to repel your title;
And the changed world, as large in recompence
As now in wrongs, will pay the arrear of honour.
Farewell! I go to meet my haughty lord,
And sue for Pedro's mistress!

INEZ.

My heart's blessing
Attends you!

QUEEN.

Soon your husband will return
No doubt with cheerful news.—Your happiness
With such a friend---the generous and the tender
Whose every thought is yours---might move my
envy,
And tempt me to repine,---when I regard
My different lot with the severe,---the fullen,
The fierce Alphonso, to whose guarded bosom
No access is allow'd;---with whom I share
Nothing in common---but a gloomy bed.

[Exit QUEEN.]

INEZ.

It is that stern---inexorable man—
Whom even as death I fear!--O haste thee, Pedro,
To raise my sinking heart!--thou art as kind
As he—thy fire is harsh;—and if my sentence
Must be pronounced,—though even then 'twill
crush me,

From thy soft lips 'twill fall with lighter ruin !
 Longing,—yet trembling I await thy tidings.—
 This dread suspense,—this fateful interval
 Shakes me most deeply, and my lawless thought
 Is on the range for horror. But Almada,
 Returning, walks this way,—and at his presence
 My fancy finds another course, in which
 To pour its troubled stream.

Enter ALMADA.

ALMADA.

It grieves me, Madam,
 To see the felon grief approach life's prime,
 As now in you, and rife it of smiles.
 Haply 'tis too assuming in a stranger
 To ask what moves you in this pride of life,
 Girt with the means of envied happiness,
 To yield a thought to pain?—Dear Lady, pardon
 An old man's fondness:—if he lives to bless you,
 Think that in me you hear your honour'd father.

INEZ.

Father!—O Heavens!

ALMADA.

Mine, Lady, are his years,
 Though not his blessing.—Grief, I know, can
 reach
 And shake the loftiest state,—perhaps the pain
 Of some fresh-fever'd heart-string prompts the
 sigh,
 And my officious love provokes the wound
 To livelier pangs:—yet bear me while I ask,
 Live both your happy parents?

INEZ.

Sir, they sleep
Each in the cold, dumb grave,---nor heed the
forrows
Which fade their orphan's cheek!

ALMADA.

The loss of parents
Is great---but common;---felt awhile by nature
And then no more remember'd.—Here perhaps,
The woe is recent.

INEZ.

No!—one parent saw me
Just ripening into woman;—and the other
Forsook my childhood:—Oh—the kindest father,
That ever strain'd an infant to his bosom!

ALMADA.

Time must have dried the source of filial tears,
However full. O still vouchsafe me favour!
Is it a brother's loss that touches you
And melts you thus in grief?

INEZ.

No brother, Sir,
Has ever claim'd my love, or to my arms
Given a divided parent.—I was all
The blessing of my mother's bed, and now
Alas! am all my race.

ALMADA.

It must be she!
Down, down my heart! (*Aside*) ---thrice blessed
were your parents,
Thrice blessed Portugal!--the favour'd land
Which boasts your honour'd birth!

INEZ.

My birth can make
No country proud :---but here in Portugal
I am, as thou, an alien.---To Castile
I owe my birth. On Guadiana's banks,
Near Calatrava, where my family
Long vied with those on thrones, my childhood
play'd,
Till——

ALMADA.

The fierce Moor o'erspread the wasted region,
Hurried your mother and yourself to chains,
And flew your father.

INEZ.

You amaze me, Sir!
Whence could you learn my melancholy story?

ALMADA.

I was not distant from that scene of ravage.
I had a daughter too whom then I lost.

INEZ.

A daughter, Sir!--

ALMADA.

Oh yes!--a daughter---lovelier
Than the first morning that awaked in Eden,
And sweeter than its breath.--- The accursed
infidels
Surprised my castle, as my charming girl
Had number'd her tenth year.---Had fate per-
mitted,
Even as I see you now,---so fair and peerless,
Would she have blest'd my eyes :---but---ah—
for ever
Lost I my much-loved—INEZ !

INEZ.

Am I waking,
Or is it all illusion?—but the grave
Cannot give back its dead!—I saw my father—
O fight of agony!—oppress'd by numbers
Sink,—a pale corse!—beheld the murderers
 sword
Steep'd in his life!

ALMADA.

Ay so, indeed, thou thoughtest.
Fernandez fell, 'tis true, with many a wound;
And lay, with heaps of reeking death, unnoticed,
Till the retreating foe, with the next sun,
Resign'd him to his friends.—Their care recall'd
The wand'ring pulse of life:—when, to behold
The loss of all that render'd life a blessing,
From sweet forgetfulness to sense—I woke!

INEZ.

O Heaven support me!—O—my long-
 mourn'd father!
And is it thou I clasp?—scarce can I think it;
Though every sense avouch it.—Yes 'tis he;
This is no mockery!—Upon my knees
Let me implore thy blessing!—Tell me wherefore
Conceal Fernandez in Almada?—tell me
Where hast thou sojourn'd?—They reported
 falsely
Thy castle was destroy'd!—

FERNANDEZ.

Another moment,
O my loved daughter! when my heart's less
 busy,
Shall give thee all,—My castle was destroy'd.

G

The hateful spot, which told me of my loss,
 I shunn'd, and sought to hide me from my woes
 In a lone seat, I own'd near distant Ebro.
 There had I still remain'd:—but Pedro's tyranny,
 Bless'd be Heaven's will! invaded my retreat;
 Seiz'd on my lands;—and drove me from Castile,
 Stripp'd of a name too splendid for my flight,
 A vagabond and beggar,—to find here
 More treasure than I left.—O my sweet child!
 But speak—your mother!—said you that she
 died?

Lorenza gone!—to fold her here with thee
 Were too much ecstasy!—yet in her Inez
 She still survives!—as thou art now, my girl!
 Was my Lorenza when she crown'd my arms
 A blushing bride.—Come grow unto my bosom,
 Mother and daughter both!—But now relate,
 If the wild hurry of your soul permit,
 Where have you linger'd for these ten long
 years?

How nourish'd being since by fate denied
 The shelter of these arms? How baffled too
 My anxious love, which still, with princely
 offers

For ransom or discovery, search'd the realms
 Of our unchristian foes?

INEZ.

O Sir! O father!

My thought is giddy; and tumultuous pleasure
 Stifles my utterance!—my story's brief.

The foe, that snatch'd us from you, used us
 kindly;

And bore us to Casalla:—there not long
 We had resided, when the fierce Alphonso,
 Prevailing in the battle, storm'd the city;

And led my mother and myself to Lisbon.
 There, on a pittance of the royal bounty,
 We lived in humble solitude, till Heaven
 Was pleased to sever from my love and wants
 My guide and friend, and, as I sadly deem'd,
 My only parent.—Then——

FERNANDEZ.

Ha!—then—what then?
 Hold—let me—ha! the horrid thought alarms
 me,
 And makes my heart impatient of its place!
 Say and be quick!—whence this magnificence
 I see around thee?—this imperial mansion?
 These grounds—with all that's rich and rare in
 nature?
 Say!—speak—I'll be resolved!—are they the
 bribes
 Of prostitution?—splendid guilt alone?
 Illustrious infamy?—Unhappy woman!
 Thou art not Pedro's wife?

INEZ.

What shall I say?

O father!

FERNANDEZ.

Hence! lest I should spurn thee from me!
 Stain not the name of father!—this sad morning
 When the false man pronounced thy name with
 passion,
 I knew not why it moved me—but 'twas nature,
 Prescient of this most dread reserve of fate,
 That felt the coming shock.—O vile seducer!
 —But I can yet avenge!

INEZ.

My dear—dear father!
 Forbear—to wrong the Prince!—I'm all distraction. (*Aside*)

FERNANDEZ.

And art thou then so lost to virtuous feeling,
 As even to plead for vice! Hence ruin'd woman!
 Hence—daring slander of thy mother's bed!
 —Oh! she was chaste,—sinless in thought,—as
 white

As the pure snows which crown the Pyrenean,
 Unfollied by the grosser breath of earth!
 But thou—oh thou!—I've felt affliction's shafts
 Even in my heart.—It has seem'd good to Heaven
 To strike me in its wrath;—yet till this moment
 My nature has stood firm. Woe is man's birth-
 right.

But shame!—disgrace!—to see a lengthen'd line
 Of heroes and chaste matrons ending thus——
 In the poor object of licentious passion—
 Would I had found thee dead!—that had been
 forrow:—
 This is confusion!

INEZ.

Madness!—his high spirit
 Will never brook concealment. (*aside*)—Here I'll
 kneel
 For ever on this cushion of the flint,
 'Till thou dost take me up, and give me back
 My twice-lost parent!—think me not deform'd
 As now thine eyes would shape me!—Pedro's
 guiltless.

That cannot be,—even if he took thee fullied
From Lisbon's streets,—a commoner of love.—
But oh! my child!—nature will force her rights;
I am not adamant!—and I must weep
O'er the most beauteous ruin, virtue ever
Survey'd with sad regard.—O my lost girl!
Ha!—let me look—this face is all thy mother's:
No vice can here be read:—each character
Is strong in virtue:—when within is guilt
Oh! why should innocence be hung without,
To flatter, and betray, and cozen justice?
Yet art thou mine,—and though thou'st brought
with shame

(Embracing her)

Gods! amazement!

FERNANDEZ.

Ha! thou stain of honour!
Thou canker, that didst taint the sweetest flower,
Which ever open'd to the eye of spring!
Hence!—I defy thee!—'tis a cause to steel
The arm of infancy:—and I will risk in it
The few warm drops, which linger at my heart.
Draw and defend thyself!—

O cease! 'tis phrensy!
O father!—O my husband!—he who moves
Must tread upon a daughter—or a wife!

PEDRO.

Heavens! can it be?—a daughter!

FERNANDEZ.

What!—your husband?

PEDRO.

Yes, Sir, her husband!—'tis my name of glory!
—I would not change it for the name of king!
Though my fate's enmity compel me now
To whisper what I wish to speak in thunder
To the world's ear.—I've been too hasty, Sir!
Your years,—your mien of honour—and my
Inez,

Were strong against suspicion. But my fortune,
Peevish and strange, hath torn me from myself
That Pedro is not Pedro.—That you are
My fair one's father—'tis enough—she says it.
The strangeness of the fact may be hereafter
The subject of account.—Your pardon, Sir!
Let me not suffer in your honest thought:
The world's too poor to bribe me from my
honour.

I am your son.—This lady chose me, Sir,
When, as she thought, no parent lived to guide,
And bless her youthful judgment.—Oh forgive
her,

And take me for your son!--Let me embrace you!

FERNANDEZ.

Great Sir! your nobleness surprises me;
Though all the busy tongues of fame proclaim it.
'Tis I must sue for pardon:—age and sorrow
Have broken in me nature's harmony,
And jarr'd her trembling strings. Mysterious
Power!

Even where I thought myself most deeply ruin'd
To be most blest'd!—Would it were Heaven's
will

To take me now,—my blifs were rare indeed!
My wearied age would close its toils in rapture,
And smile at what the impotence of fortune
In cruelty might plan.—Receive her, Prince!
She will not shame your greatness. The full
period

Of a rich strain of virtue closes in her.
—Pardon me, noble Sir! and thou, my child,
Forgive thy erring father.

INEZ.

Dearest Sire!

Your happy child can think alone of fondness:—
—Of gratitude to him, who nursed her childhood;
And train'd the being, that he gave, to virtue.
I own'd the justice of your passion,—saw
Your deep distress;—but could not then relieve it.
The dreadful issue, which your rashness tempted,
Alone could make me speak.—What closed my
lips,

And what you wish to know 'till Pedro's love
Removed me here; and, for my worthless hand,
Gave me himself,—a jewel of a price
That beggars India,—you shall hear at leisure,
When from the tumult of conflicting passions
My bosom is composed.

FERNANDEZ.

It is enough,
That thou art found, and as thou should'st be
found,
The pure descendant of a line of princes.
Some idler time will suit to learn the rest:

And your great consort's honour is so clear,
To question it were crime.

PEDRO.

Rest easy, Sir!

What is mysterious shall be solved,--what doubtful
Confirm'd to certain.—Here your pious daughter
Shall tend your age, and to your sooth'd decline
Requite the cares her infancy received.

FERNANDEZ.

You bless me, Sir!--Thou Heaven with choice
regard
Look on this pair!--extend and guard their
virtues!
Grant them that rare felicity of union,
Where still one wish springs from two hearts;
where thought
Softly diffents from thought to make the piece,
Not dissonant but various! Bless their bed
With lovely increase—to diffuse their joy;
And bear the blended parent to adorn
And gladden the new age!—if they must suffer
Their portion of the sentence pass'd on man,
O mitigate the affliction!—be it only
A bird of solemn warning,—not of prey;
To counsel thought, and not to tear the heart.
Let them pass calmly on—if not exultingly,
Till hand in hand—they drop into the sleep
Which closes mortal care!—But age and joy
Make even my prayer to babble!—I'll withdraw
To yield the respite, my own weakness claims;
And think a while upon these strange events,
Which make my poor brain totter.

[Exit ALMADA.]

PEDRO.

He's much moved!

INEZ.

Oh! had you seen the good old man, my Pedro!
His darling child, as by a miracle,
Restored to his dear arms,—yet her condition
Such as to waken doubt, and point to shame,
You would have pitied him!—perhaps have
pitied

Your Inez too, condemn'd to have the power,
Without the right to ease her father's anguish.
Alas! you know not, what my faith has borne
Ere it surrender'd:—'twas the fright alone,
Caused by your mutual error, which subdued it.
Silence at last seem'd guilt.—If I have err'd,
Forgive me Pedro!

PEDRO.

All is well, my Inez!

For thee, with even the semblance of pollution,
To stain thy Sire with shame, and wound with
anguish,
Were the worst ill!—Besides—the crisis hastens
Of more decided fate.—Our fortunes now
Hang trembling on a point!

INEZ.

What says the King?—
Exile or chains?—Oh! speak the dreadful sen-
tence!
What shape must ruin take?

PEDRO.

The King, indeed,
Is harsh.

INEZ.

Ah me!

PEDRO.

And some accursed foe
Hath urged him almost to renounce the father,
And be the tyrant only.

INEZ.

We're undone!
I see it, Pedro!—'tis in vain to hide it!

PEDRO.

No, Inez! not undone:---if he abandon
His own respected self,---'tis he who breaks
The ties of son and father.---To my country
I'll plead my cause. My country will respect
My wedded love, and Portugal to guard her
Will glitter in bright arms. My friends are strong,
Many and firmly mine:—this knows the Monarch.
And prudence will repress th' attempts of passion.
—Talk not of danger, Inez!

INEZ.

Think'st thou, Pedro!
That I could see thee lift against thy father,
Howe'er unjust and violent,—thy hand?
Think'st thou that I could witness this fair
country,
Which cherish'd my weak years, and gave me
Pedro,
Drinking with thirsty lips her children's blood,
---And---for a worthless woman?---No, my Pedro!
Rather than be a fiend that breathes destruction,
I'll fly--O Heaven!--from thee,--Oh! that I could
Fly also from myself!--to some far spot

Beyond the foot of man :—there fade unnoticed,
Till nought is left of Inez but a sigh ;---
And the faint murmur of her Pedro's name.

PEDRO.

Bright excellence !—Oh cease !—and, if you
love me,
No more of this.—It gives a stronger blow
Than all Alphonso's prowess can inflict.
Part from thee !—No, my Inez !—our twin fates
Are grown incorporate, and single-natured ;—
Fed by one heart and quicken'd with one spirit.
To sever us were death !—But who is here ?

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

My gracious Lord ! a messenger from Coimbra,
Brought this in haste.

PEDRO.

'Tis well !—[*Ex. SERV.*] what can it mean ?
A letter from my father !

INEZ.

Ah ! I tremble !
Each character is fate :—and yet I see
A smiling omen on my Pedro's cheek,
That plucks me from despair.

PEDRO.

O my loved Inez !
Alphonso's yet my father !

(*Pedro reads.*)

Passion urged
My speech to warmth.—The exile of thy fair
Shall not be thought of.—Come to me to-morrow,

*And means will be devised—to set thy love
No more at strife with honour!—to conciliate
The disaffected nobles—and approve myself
Thy loving—father!—*

Hear you this, my Inez?

INEZ.

This is, indeed, most kind;—and yet—it seems
The change is too—too sudden:—in an hour!
In a short hour!—before his pulse had ebb'd!
Ere scarce the tremor on his tongue had ceased,
To write in such a strain!

PEDRO.

My father's nature
Was only for a moment bent from goodness,
And now, the transient violence removed,
Acts with its proper virtue.

INEZ.

I'll not doubt it:
But give a loose to joy;—and, when you visit
Coimbra to-morrow, will not feel those pangs
Your absence caused this morning.

PEDRO.

Inez!—no!—
Let's think no more of sorrow, and alarm!
Those ugly shapes of night are faded now;
And joy comes dancing on.—My bosom triumphs
With more than wonted spirit, and I feel
The buoyancy of flame.—Hence will I now
And mingle with my comrades of the chase,
Who have for hours accused my tardy faith.
Will you attend our sport?—the harmonious
 quiere
Of the match'd pack; the animated field;

The vocal woods, and hills, where echo hunts,
Will clear your veins of any ling'ring damp.

INEZ.

Excuse me, Pedro!—my o'erlabour'd spirits
Demand repose; and in this game of blood
Never could I taste delight.—What you call har-
mony

Has struck my ear, and startled my weak heart
As the deep cry of death,—almost as savage
As the mad uproar by the frightened Hebrus,
When fell the Muse's son.—But I talk idly!
That for which Providence has planted instincts,
And which my Pedro likes—cannot be wrong.

PEDRO.

Proceed, my love!—to hear you censure it,
I would forego my sport.—Be cheerful, dear!
The field shall not detain me long, and—then,
We'll talk with smiles of this eventful day.

[Exit. PEDRO.]

INEZ.

A numb cold pressure, like the hand of death,
Lies on my bosom.—Shall I call him back?
—Pedro!—my Pedro!—gone too far to hear me!
And were he not,—he'd only mock my terror,
As the poor stuff of female superstition:
—And so indeed it is:—I'll throw it off!
And, till the hour of meeting at repast,
Feed on the blifs that waits me,—the sweet con-
verse

Of my dear father, and my dearer lord!

[Exit.]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

COELLO.

Ay, my great sovereign Lord!
 Say shall I rush, and drag her from her chamber,
 To hear her fearful sentence?

GONSALEZ.

No, Coello!

Might I advise, my Liege would leave to us
 The stern infliction of his righteous doom,
 Nor see the dang'rous woman. We are agents,
 Mere instruments alone;—with hearts and hands
 Not our's—but his who orders;—and by duty
 Steel'd as our blades. Should he, who has a right
 To pity, see her, the mysterious power,
 Which has subdued the Prince's royal nature,
 May work with more effect,—confounding justice.

ALVARO.

Think'st thou, Gonsalez, that the Sovereign's
 purpose

Is not too settled to be blown away
 By the weak impulse of a woman's sigh?
 Surely thou know'st not yet our Monarch's firm-
 ness!

'Tis like a rock, besieged in vain by oceans!
 'Tis like the polar ice, built high to Heaven,
 On which the sun, with ineffectual flame,
 Plays for a six-month's day!

GONSALEZ.

I know him proof
 Against all human power; but here—

ALPHONSO.

We'll try it!

Alvaro! and Coello!—hence, and hurry

This woman to our presence!---All the gates
Are by our guards commanded.---Now Gon-
falez, [*Ex. ALV. and COEL.*

You may perhaps be forced to deem us firm.
What!---man!---to satisfy the claim of honour,
This hand would lop it's brother, and not tremble!
And canst thou think that a few drops of rheum,
The sickly fretting of a harlot's eye,
Can melt my solid purpose?—No—Gonzalez!
Thou ought'st to know me better.—When she
 weeps,

---As she will weep,---I will have eyes of stone,
No fleshly softness near them.---Like the Caspian,
My spirit shall imbibe the copious floods,
And not o'erflow, or render back a drop.

GONSALEZ.

Your pardon, noble sovereign !---but I fear
The more than beauty's power, which aids this
woman ;
Will——

ALPHONSO.

Peace!—'tis dotage!—Hark!—

ALVARO *and* COELLO.

(*Behind the scenes*)—Nay come along?
You stand upon your honour!—you are nice!
(*INEZ, behind the scenes*)

Ah me! why drag me thus ungentle men?
I do not struggle!—my poor trembling knees
Will bear me forward!—oh!—

Enter INEZ—(dragged by ALVARO and COELLO, her hands bound, and her hair dishevelled.)

INEZ.

Alas ! where am I ?

Which is your Lord? that I may raise to him
My eyes for pardon?—though I know no crime!

ALPHONSO.

By Heavens!—a miracle!—the rarest beauty
Which yet hath caught my glance!—nature's
prime work!

Finish'd not well—but curiously!—struck out
In a chance brilliant moment, and then labour'd
To bright perfection!—here, I see, Gonfalez!
The witchcraft that you dread.

INEZ (*to* ALPHONSO).

O sovereign Lord!
(For your imperial aspect speaks the king,)
See at your feet a weak and aidless woman
Imploring mercy!

ALPHONSO.

Ha! Gonfalez, witchcraft
It is indeed:—but it is nature's witchcraft:
All lawful influence,—which might well controul
Souls firmer than the Prince's: mine perceives it,
But will not yield.—

INEZ.

Distress like mine, O Monarch!
Solicits pity,—or at least regard.—
Ah! whence these cruel bands, which strain my
wrists,
Unused to such rude cinctures?—Gracious So-
vereign!
Declare my crime.

ALPHONSO.

Thou speak'st like innocence!
H

Apply to thy own heart :—there wilt thou find
The guilt that I must punish.

INEZ.

Oh! my Lord!
That look alone was death!—and yet for guilt
I search my heart in vain ;—there find I nothing
But love alas!—and fear!

ALPHONSO.

The crime,—and terror
Of the crime's punishment.

INEZ.

Is love a crime?

ALPHONSO.

Ay!—

INEZ.

Then are the angels deeply criminal!
Love is their service,—love their crown of bliss,
Dispensed by their great Father, WHO IS LOVE!

ALPHONSO.

Not love like thine.

INEZ.

My love, great King! is pure.
'Tis love of human kind :—love even of foes!
'Tis love of country, friends, relations,—love
Of God,—and, ah! too near to God—of—
Pedro!—

ALPHONSO.

Ha!---hast thou found the crime which bares
on thee
The arm of justice?---'tis thy love of Pedro.

INEZ.

Was it my fault to yield at Pedro's suit
My virgin heart?—alas! 'twas forced from me!
—Heaven should have made him, Sir, less good
and lovely.

ALPHONSO.

Thy love has ruin'd him.

INEZ.

If ruin'd him,—

I were a wretch indeed!—more lost than now
Sinking beneath your frowns!—O my good So-
vereign!

If to observe and honour, and admire him;
To feel his pulse of pleasure and of pain
Still beating in my breast;—to nurse his virtues,
And aid the beauteous purpose of his soul,
Be, Sire, to ruin him,---my love is guilty
And I must stand the sentence.

ALPHONSO.

Artful woman!

Thy love hath held its object from the field;
Hath urged him to refuse his asking country
The means of strength in great alliances:
Hath kept him from the state and from his father;
Hath stolen him from himself, and melted him
Into a woman's toy.—

GONSALEZ.

Yes foully done it
By most ungodly practice.

INEZ (*to Gonzalez*).

O my Lord!

Press not the falling!—Age, deep versed in life

And life's sad changeful story, should be ready
 To grant the pity, which it soon may want:
 Prone to afford the suppliant its knees,
 To assuage and not incense.---Oh! sue for me!
 To thee he will attend;---my feeble accents
 Cannot impress his ear,---or I would tell him
 The Prince's honour is as dear to me
 As is his love:---would say I ne'er dissuaded him
 From court, the state, or even from the field,---
 Much as my foolish heart might wish him from it!
 No!---had his ardent duty wanted flame,
 My love would have supplied it.

ALPHONSO.

Canst thou say too
 Thou hast not turn'd thy lover's smiles from Por-
 tugal,
 And pour'd them on thy country?---given his
 wealth
 To feed her beggars; and his countenance
 To aid her vagrant rebels?

INEZ.

No, my Liege!
 His own heart sprung to succour the distress'd,
 Its only counsel---charity. This country,
 That with its tender arms embraced my childhood,
 Claims all my love and duty;---nor in thought
 Have I yet done it wrong. O Portugal!
 Thou foster-parent,---dearer than my own,
 Ah! do not throw to the wild waves again
 The wreck which thou didst save!---Great Sir,
 forgive me!

ALPHONSO.

Vain breath and trifling!---know that I came
 hither
 To punish, not to talk.---

INEZ.

Ah! have you not
Already punish'd?---view my wretched state.
Those eyes, which scowl a fearful menace on me
To wither up my heart, are instruments
Of cruel punishment.--O generous King!
Relieve me now!--regard a suppliant stranger,
Who here has none to help but you and Heaven!

COELLO.

Where is her hero then? (*Aside*)

ALPHONSO.

Encourage not
A hope from me:---if Heaven indeed can help
thee
Addrefs it, and be quick!

INEZ.

What mean you, Sir?

ALPHONSO.

All the poor solace, which departing life
Can steal from hope of Heaven,---I'll not deny
thee.
Short be thy superstition!

INEZ.

Will you murder me?

ALPHONSO.

No!--as a victim offer thee to justice.
Murder's the deed of passion.---I am temperate:
No insurrection struggles in my breast:
My pulse beats health,---No---I'll not murder
thee;
--But thou must die:

INEZ.

Oh! let me live, dread Monarch!
 A feeble trembling woman.---Valour scorns
 An unresisting foe:---and man embrues not
 His hands in woman's blood!---Heaven gave to
 man
 Courage and strength;---poor woman fears and
 weakness:
 But made those fears and weakness her defence
 In man's conciliation.---O Alphonso!
 Stain not your victor-sword, nor wrong your
 greatness
 With such a deed of horror!

ALPHONSO.

Talk to Heaven!
 I'll wait:---be speedy!---for your forfeit life
 'Tis not the soldier takes it---but the sovereign;
 Not as an act of valour---but of justice.
 Justice, not less than war, can boast her
 triumphs,
 Oft as illustrious,---and as dearly earn'd
 By victory o'er instinct, and brute nature.---

INEZ.

Vict'ry o'er nature!---most dishonourable!
 What was made man to harden into fiend
 Most impious!---The fine clay, which form'd
 man's heart,
 God soften'd with compassion's milk,---to make it
 Apt to receive the stamp of other's woe.
 Oh! deem not great what is unnatural!
 Submit to Heaven's benevolent appointment!
 Nor scorn to feel as man!

ALPHONSO.

Thou talk'st in vain!

'Tis reason's glory to preside o'er instinct.
 And why disturb'd at death?—it is life's goal
 That all must reach.---I soon must follow thee.
 Even this proud fabrick of the earth and
 Heavens,
 Built for eternity,---they say,---shall perish,
 Faded and lost:---then why should'st thou repine,
 That thou art not immortal?---no---die!---die!
 'Tis but a few thick risings of the breath
 And the short toil is o'er.

INEZ.

Death!---agony!

Most horrible!---oh nature shrinks from them!
 —And in life's prime!---torn from my late-found
 parent!
 From my sweet infant, nourish'd with my bosom!
 From my dear---dear---Oh! mercy---grant me
 mercy!
 Mercy is Heaven's own essence;---thence derived
 Into the breasts of kings to make them god-like,
 Resembling their great Lord!

GONSALEZ.

Think, Sire! of justice;
 'Tis justice is divine.

INEZ.

Ah! justice never
 Could save a soul!---and they who shew no mercy
 Shall have but justice!---Oh! destroy me not!
 Banish me rather to some distant shore,
 Whence I may ne'er return to injure Portugal!
 There will I toil to linger out my days:

To glean a scanty meal for my poor child,
 Strain'd to my breast and moisten'd with my
 tears,
 On the cold ground beneath the churlish skies!
 Our state may touch even savages with pity,
 And they may lend it aid; and I will pray
 For blessings on the king that saved our lives.
 But should you spill my blood,—my guiltless
 blood,
 Each vocal drop will to the ear of God,
 Call not in vain for vengeance!---Oh!--that look
 Shot comfort to my soul!

ALPHONSO.

Yes!--she hath moved me! (*Aside*)
 But should I banish thee!—

COELLO.

Think you, my Liege!
 The Prince would not retrieve, and bring her
 back
 To crush her foes,---your friends?

GONSALEZ.

This, Sire, I dreaded
 When you would see her:---then you mock'd
 my fears,
 And talk'd of matchless constancy!

ALVARO.

My Sovereign!
 Those precious pledges of your royal line,
 The Princess Constance* left to Portugal,
 Demand your care, and check your cruel mercy.
 Their mother's injured spirit hovers o'er you,

* A former wife of Pedro.

Alarm'd to see you doubt,---whether the throne
Be fill'd by her's, or by this stranger's offspring.

ALPHONSO.

Thanks for your aid!--it hath confirm'd my
virtue.

'Tis past, and---she must---die!

INEZ.

Ye cruel men!

Whose hands would suffocate the infant mercy,
And tear my sovereign from me! Oh regard not,
These counsellors of blood!--The Lady Con-
stance,

Where she alive, would find her offspring
cherish'd

With all a parent's fondness. To the throne

The voice of Portugal affirms their right.—

For me, and my poor infant, all I ask

Is bread,---and the worm's privilege of life.

ALPHONSO.

I'll hear no more!--Poor wretch! thou plead'st
in vain.

INEZ.

Turn not away, O King!--Kill me yourself!--
Let me not fall by these fierce men!--their
swords

Will give more pangs than your's.—O my dear
child!

How wilt thou live without thy mother's tender-
ness?

Ah!--now approach not this once-fost'ring
bosom!

'Twill yield thee blood!--a mother's blood!--
for milk!

O Pedro!—how my heart is rent to think
Of thy sharp pains,—doom'd as thou art to see
Thy murder'd confort.

ALPHONSO.

Confort?—said'st thou confort?

INEZ.

Ah! my dread Liege!—the vow, which gave
me Pedro,
Was at the altar breathed.—He who strikes me
Slays Pedro's wife!

ALPHONSO.

A peasant's daughter wear
The crown of Portugal?

INEZ.

No peasant's daughter, Sire!
Of noble lineage——

ALPHONSO.

Not another word!
Hadst thou as many lives as hairs I'd take them:
For Portugal would claim the numerous slaughter.
Hence with her, and dispatch!

INEZ.

Oh! mercy!—mercy!
Let me but live an hour, and I will bare
My bosom to your swords!

ALPHONSO.

No! not a minute!

INEZ.

But 'till I clasp my child, and on its lips
Press a last ling'ring kiss.

ALPHONSO.

Away with her!

And drag her to her fate!

INEZ.

O! righteous Heavens!

*(As GONSAL. COELLO and ALVARO are dragging
her off the stage)*

Yet mercy!—oh!—oh!

GONSALEZ.

(Behind the scenes.) Die, thou forcerers!

ALVARO.

Die!—

COELLO.

Hold! it must not be!

INEZ.

Oh! pardon!—God!

Receive my spirit!—pardon!—oh—my Pedro!

*(Re-enter ALV. and GON. from the murder, with
their swords and hands bloody, COEL. following
them.)*

ALPHONSO.

How's this, Coello?—you look pale and
tremble.

What! is the sight of justice so alarming
That thus it shakes you?

COELLO.

Mighty Sir, I know not:

But I am weak, and own this deed has thrill'd me.
Would it were yet undone!

ALVARO.

My Liege! I deem'd
My friend, Coello, made of stouter stuff
Than to surrender, at the fateful crisis,
That Roman virtue, which till then he held.

ALPHONSO.

For shame, Coello!—what not more of man?
'Tis well Gonfalez and Alvaro own'd
More constant spirits. Fie! this milky blood,
This whiteness of the liver is most boy-like;
And must be cured ere you mature to manhood!
But who is this?—the Queen!

(*Enter QUEEN.*)

QUEEN.

I've fought you, Sir,
At Coimbra;—and rejoice,—beyond my hope
To find you here:—the man of peace no doubt,
Come to assuage the anguish you excited.
Have you yet seen the—Ha! your countenance
Is charged with fate!—O God!—these men of
blood,
In murder's livery,—make me die with terror!
What have you done?

ALPHONSO.

A deed of glory, Madam!
Call on your fav'rite minion,—and, unless
The impotence of death can find a tongue
To mock the living,—she'll not answer thee!

QUEEN.

O Heaven!—not slain!

ALPHONSO.

Her blush is quench'd for ever.
The dimple on her cheek shall wreath no more,
To lure the glance of love, and cozen Pedro.

QUEEN.

O wretched man!—a deed of glory?

ALPHONSO.

Yes,
Of glory---which loud fame shall blazon, Madam!
As long as justice, and the patriot virtue
Possess renown on earth.

QUEEN.

A deed of glory?
No!---'tis a deed of shame!---of cowardice!
Of cruelty, and complicated guilt!
Oh!---'tis a deed, which, in succeeding ages,
Shall violently pluck from softest tongues
Harsh curses on the name of dire Alphonso
The woman-murderer!---Oh! she was goodness!
And when she rises in her robes of light,
Wash'd from her own pure blood,---which shall
for ever
Stain thee and these red murder's ministers,
This angel, standing at the Almighty's throne,
Shall blast thee!

ALPHONSO.

Let us leave this peevish woman!
To weigh our act asks other hands than her's:—
Statesmen and kings, my Lords!--must hold the
scales.
Madam, your words play idly on my ear:
But go and try their virtue on your Pedro!
Assuage his first sharp pangs:---recall his man-
hood;

And tell him what his fire has done, has been
In care of him. When he regains himself
He'll see and thank our love.---Now hence to
Pedro!

My Lords away!

[*Exeunt* ALPH. GONS. COEL. and ALV.

QUEEN.

To Pedro!---what to tell him,
That his dear wife, whom more than breath he
prized,
Who answer'd all his love,---his softer self,
Lies welt'ring in her blood,---most foully murder'd

By his inhuman fire?---can this be told him?
A seraph's voice, uttering the dreadful tale,
Would shock his ear worse than the howl of
wolves

Over the rifled tombs,---when shrieking ghosts
Add horror to the din!---yet must he hear it!
O Pedro, my dear boy!---O Inez---whom
I cherish'd in my heart!

Enter FERNANDEZ.

FERNANDEZ.

This way it sounded,
And liketh'alarm of death!--Ah, Madam! whence
This ecstasy of grief?

QUEEN.

The raven, Sir,
Led you in evil hour to Portugal!
Oh! 'tis the land of horror and of guilt,
And on this spot the fiends exult!--O Sir!--

FERNANDEZ.

Give the big sorrow breath!--for woe and I

Have been so yoked together—we're familiar!
And I may teach you patience!

QUEEN.

Never, never!

Death has been here!—the pride of the rich
garden

Is cropp'd;—and all is now a waste!—In her
Chance gave the daughter nature had denied me.
O my dear Inez!

FERNANDEZ.

What of her?—Oh! speak!

QUEEN.

Dead, Sir!

FERNANDEZ.

Dead, say you?

QUEEN.

Fallen by murder's dagger!

FERNANDEZ.

Is't truly so?—whose was the cursed deed?

QUEEN.

The King's.

FERNANDEZ.

Ah miserable father!

QUEEN.

Father!

FERNANDEZ.

O! Heavens! the lost Fernandez stands before
you.

She was my only daughter, the sole pledge

Beneath these changeful skies,---may still be kept
For some more searching cruelty of fate!

Yet what can fate do more?---Thy face, my
child,

Had pluck'd his nature from the famish'd tiger,
And planted pity in his breast!---but thou,
Oh! thou Alphonso!---thou whose human veins
Soft fortune should have fill'd with liquid balm,
To do a deed like this! But the bless'd sun
That gives the mine its flame, the flower its
sweetness;

With all its heavenly energy, corrupts
The carcass into foulness.

Enter QUEEN, PEDRO, and ATTENDANTS.

PEDRO.

(*Entering*) Murder'd! say you?
Inez!---my father!---Yes---I must and will!---
Your stop is vain!---worlds cannot hold me from
her---

Ha! in her blood!—daggers and murder!—
horrible!

Who is thus slain?---some demon frighted me
By yelling---Inez!---where's my lovely wife?
'Tis death!---oh! well! (*Faints*)

QUEEN.

Haste! chafe his temples, Sir,
And try to bring back life!---Ah this I fear'd!
He's gone for ever!

FERNANDEZ.

Be appeased!---he breathes.
His pulses play.---Raise him a little---see,
Life reddens on his lip!---he moves---

PEDRO.

Why call me
 Back to the hated day?---Oh chosen cruelty!
 To stretch me thus upon the rack of being,
 Cursed with intelligence!---Ha!---who art thou?
 The father?---no---no father!--that bless'd name
 Is torn from thee for ever!--Inez!--Inez!--
 Where is she?--I must see her!--some small life
 May slumber in the heart, and at my touch
 She will awake!

FERNANDEZ.

Forbear the wounding sight!
 Let me, who am a wretch, speak comfort to you!
 Oh! stay! attend to reason!--

PEDRO.

Talk of Inez!
 Old man! thou'st lost a daughter, fond and
 duteous
 As ever bless'd a parent--her soft hand
 Had gently led thee to the grave, and closed
 Thy heavy lids --but what is that?--Why man!
 She was my very soul!--more than the love
 Of fifty fathers throned her in my bosom!--
 And now--where is she?--nay--I will behold her!
 Will press her to my breast,--will fasten kisses
 On her cold lips!--Held you a mirror to them?
 A breath might stain it!--that her breath would
 never,
 It was so pure!--Dead---said you?---no---hence
 from me--
 I must---must see her!

FERNANDEZ.

Stay!--accept me! Sir,
 For an associate in distress!--my loss

Is great,---my feeling of it exquisite:
 Yet can I bend to Heaven;---yet fly to reason
 From passion's wild suggestions.---Hold! your
 phrensy
 Can never bring her back.

PEDRO.

Back!---never!---never!
 Never---is madness!---yet it may not be!
 Hast seen her?

FERNANDEZ.

No.

PEDRO.

Her death's a fable then!
 They've only borne her hence!---what shed her
 blood!
 They could not do it!

FERNANDEZ.

Gracious Sir, be temperate!
 Think of my state, which fain would give the
 comfort
 It fondly asks.

PEDRO.

Oh! honour'd Sir! I feel
 Returning calmness!---pardon me!---my reason
 Has wander'd, and left sense alone behind
 To agonize and rave!---O Sir!---thy fate
 Is sad!---Though my heart's avarice of pain
 Would fondly grasp the whole of this rare loss,
 Yet must I yield thee part!---Ha! what is this?
 (looking on the ground)
 Look!---see!---'tis blood!---whence came it?—
 from the heart?

Most horrible!—Oh Inez!—Inez!—Inez!
 Thou art not far!—the crimson track of murder
 Will lead me to thee!—Hence!—no more delay!
(to the Attendants)
 Where have you laid her?— [Ex. Attend.

QUEEN.

O my son! let her
 Who bore thee, and who fed thee with her milk,
 Entreat thee patience—yet withdraw thyself!
 Exasperate not thine anguish! time will give thee
 The comfort, which we cannot!

PEDRO.

Can time, mother,
 Create an Inez?—form such loveliness
 Of feature and of soul? and then combine
 The heavenly being vitally with me?
 Can time do this?—See what is yonder—Madam!
*(Back scene opens and discovers the body of INEZ
 with Attendants.)*

By Heavens 'tis she!—but where's the fond
 embrace
 That wont to be my welcome?—Oh!—cold—
 cold
 Thine eyes are closed, my girl!—O—look upon
 me.
 It is thy Pedro speaks!—would that my balls
 Were fightless—as are thine!—this spectacle
 Makes their sense torture!—O my stout—stout
 heart!
 Wilt thou at length give way?—Oh—Oh! [*faints*

QUEEN.

Support him!

Nature can never bear this fearful tumult,
And I must lose my son!

FERNANDEZ.

Hope better—Madam!
'Tis only nature's wise retreat from horror.
Life is strong in him.—O! my lovely daughter!
That I should live to this!—Pride!—cruelty!
Alphonso!—see!—this is your bleeding triumph
O'er a poor guiltless woman!—Life's infliction
With me will soon be closed!—thank age for that!
Nor thou, my child! nor my Lorenza long
Shall envy me a share of your repose!
He wakes!—my grief be hush'd!

PEDRO.

What still alive!
O death!—death! death!—and wilt thou not
attend
When a wretch calls thee, to relieve his pains?
Here thou could'st come unask'd!—but I will
drag thee,
Detested monster!—trembling and reluctant
From thy black cave!—this arm shall force thee
to me!

FERNANDEZ.

(*Running to PEDRO.*) Hold Sir! what mean you?

PEDRO.

Thanks! I'm calm again!
Heaven hath inclosed the sanctuary of life
From our own rash intrusion!—Heaven's high
will
Be still obey'd!—yes I will bear to live!—
(*throwing the dagger on the ground*)

Away temptation!—I will dare to suffer
 The lingering wretchedness of breath!—perhaps
 Heaven in its gracious pleasure may reserve me
 To punish crimes like this!—The thought re-
 vives me!

Blood calls for blood! But ah! their forfeit lives
 Would ill atone for thine, thou murder'd virtue!
 —Yet would it ease my pains to see them suffer,
 The claim of justice satisfied.—To see
 My father suffer too?—He is a murderer!
 Would he were not my father!--Come Alphonso!
 Perfidious and unnatural Alphonso,
 Sate thyself with gore!—complete thy ven-
 geance!
 Give me the death I ask!

(*Behind the scenes*) You must not Madam!

LEONORA (*behind the scenes*).

Not enter, peasant!—hence!—---who dares deny
 me
 Admission to my Lord?

Enter LEONORA.

LEONORA.

I come, my Pedro!
 Kind in despite of injuries, to offer
 Nay to solicit friendship.—This is sad!
 (*seeing the body*)
 Why look you wildly thus?

PEDRO.

Fly hence thou monster!
 Lest I be tempted to avenge thy crimes.
 Behold'st thou this! while yet thou may'st in
 safety,
 Away!—I charge thee!

LEONORA.

Pedro! I can weep
For what you weep:—weep for my rival's fall!
Wrong me not with suspicion!—all my fault
Is mad affection for a man that hates me!

PEDRO.

Talk of affection!—talk of murder only!
Thy hands are thick with murder!—Ocean's
waters
Can never cleanse them!

LEONORA.

This is phrensy, Pedro!
I've done no harm.—I grieve for what has
happen'd.
I am not stain'd with blood!

PEDRO.

Yes deeply, woman!
Thou art all blood!—each feature's grim with it.
Thy breath is blood-stain'd!-- Hence!— or this—
(*taking up the dagger.*)

LEONORA.

Nay—strike!
Here is my breast!—think'st thou I fear to die,
Like thy pale, milky Inez?—strike!

PEDRO.

Thus then!—(*offering to strike.*)
But—ha!—shed woman's blood!—too much of
that
Has flow'd already!—that Alphonso sheds,
And his fell dogs of slaughter!--Live, base
woman!

Be life thy punishment, as, by thy crimes,
It is become my woe!—Hence! thy Alvaro
Expects thee at the altar:—there Alphonso
Shall join your spotted hands.—Furies shall howl
Your nuptial song, and curse your teeming bed
With a large brood of murder!—Bear her hence!

LEONORA.

Nay then, I'll shew thee what a soul I own!
(*Attempts to stab herself. PEDRO runs and wrests
the dagger from her.*)
This is a woman's act!

PEDRO.

No!—Thou shalt live!
The measure of thy guilt o'erflows already;
Dare not to charge it more!

LEONORA.

Deny me too
The privilege of death?—but that thou canst
not!
My own high will can yet command my fate,
And stop my struggling breath.—Alvaro wed me!
My curses rest on him!—Thy pains delight me!
Yes! there she bleeds (*pointing to the body*) the
victim of my wrongs!
And all my share in this great act of justice
Shall be my triumph! [*Exit borne off.*]

FERNANDEZ.

What a fiend is this?

PEDRO.

She is indeed inhuman!—O my father!
For I have none but thee!—If thou canst pardon

Alphonso's offspring, let us barter charities.
 In this sad world of guilt and suffering,
 Be thy experience and example mine,
 To shew the danger and suggest the firmness.
 My youth and fortunes shall be thine to cheer
 thee,
 And throw a transient lustre o'er thy close.
 Still, my dear mother, let thy tenderness
 Sooth thy unhappy son: I'm wholly thine.
 But hint not peace!—dissuade me not from ven-
 geance!
 Vengeance is Heaven's demand!—Whence this
 intrusion?

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

My Lord, the country, raised by the report
 Of your invaded castle, and to action
 Led by your noble friends, the lords Henriquez
 And Orellana, hasten'd to the succour
 Of their dear mistress, and much honour'd prince.

PEDRO.

Too late, alas! their love to intercept
 The dreadful blow!

MESSENGER.

Too late to intercept;
 But not, my Lord, to avenge!

PEDRO.

What's that?—say on!

MESSENGER.

Soon as the people heard of the dire deed,
 They flew to seize the passes, which command

K

The road to Coimbra.—There they met the assassins,
Attack'd and routed them.

PEDRO.

Oh! —to the issue!
Fell the cursed sons of murder?

MESSENGER.

The King fled,
Saved by the valour of a faithful few
Among his guards. Undaunted was his spirit,
And, lion-like, even in his flight he threaten'd.
But his three friends were taken.

PEDRO.

Haste! run! —fly!
Seize! —drag them here!

MESSENGER.

The furious people took
Their forfeit lives.

PEDRO.

How died they?

MESSENGER.

Old Gonfalez
Gloomy and fullen: but the other two
Suing with tears for life.

PEDRO.

Ha! could they fear
To suffer what they fear'd not to inflict?
Most cruel dastards!

MESSENGER.

The indignant people

Bade them expect the mercy that they gave:
Then plunged a hundred weapons in their bosoms.

PEDRO.

Heavens! this is right!—would that my eyes
had seen it!
My hands had done it!—Ah! their deaths were
speedy?

MESSENGER.

Instant, my Lord!

PEDRO.

Hell-hounds!—they should have been
Ages in dying!—should have howl'd away
Their horrid souls in flames!—yet death, perhaps,
Is all that man can claim from wretched man.

MESSENGER.

The assembled multitude, with the great nobles
Of Douro and the north, 'tis said, my Lord!
To-morrow will be here to tender you
The throne, from which they vow to tear Al-
phonso.

PEDRO.

That must not be.—Retire!—your zeal, my
friend,
Shall have reward.—(*Exit MESSENGER.*) No—
never will I wrench
The sceptre from the Monarch's grasp!—still
live!
Still reign, my Sire!—thy bosom—not thy son
Be thy crime's punisher!—and what, alas!
Is empire now to me, who stand alone
Upon a ruin'd world!—Be thine, my mother!
To calm our friends' resentments, and suspend

The bloody foot of war:—and oh! provide
 That this sweet clay be solemnly intomb'd
 With all the rites of royalty!—O Inez!
 I thought, my love! to pass with thee a life
 Blessing and bless'd!—ah miserable error!
 Farewell---for ever!--When my heart hath ceased
 From its sad labour,---as it soon must cease,
 Oh! lay me to her bosom in the grave,
 Where man's fell pride shall never part us more.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE END.

